

2

9m

VOL. 8
NO. 5

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

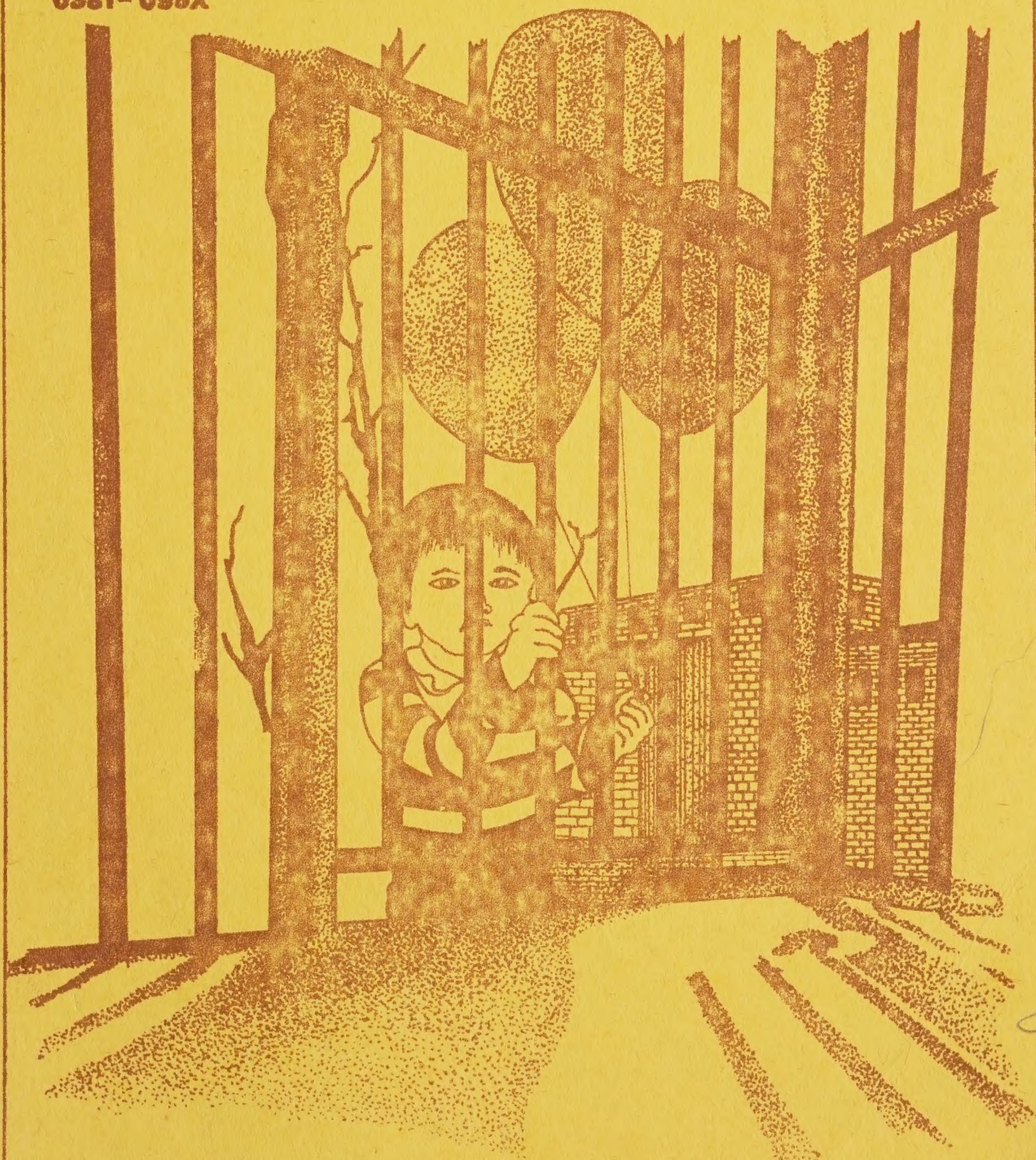
MAR 17 1981

THE
LIBRARY

COMMUNICATOR

MAGAZINE
SPRINGHILL N.S.

ISSN
0381-095X





EDITORIAL

by bob eby

ON TWO SEPARATE OCCASIONS OVER THE LAST MONTH OR SO, and on two different issues, as editor of this penal-press publication, I came under fire, criticized for what I am doing with the COMMUNICATOR.

The first of these situations was when I was called up to the administration building and told that we could no longer use the word F - U - C - K within the pages of the fiction section, even though it had a year-and-a-half ago been agreed that we could where we felt it necessary for fictional characters to speak language they would ordinarily talk in their circumstances, in order to portray accurately the feelings and flavour of the moments being dealt with. We had also agreed to provide a "caution" inside our front cover warning those with tender sensibilities to beware, which we did. Folks from down at the end of the strip committed their foul deed by complaining that since we are an "official publication of this institution" (whatever that means?), we should only be allowed to talk as though we are a newspaper -- the Amherst Daily News was given as an example. The fact that we consider and call ourselves a magazine, and have international recognition as a Small Press Publication and are registered in a number of international resource sources as a magazine dealing in fact, fiction and opinion, and do not aspire to newspaper status, meant nothing to the authorities; nor did our arguing that since when did newspapers reflect the reality of prisons from the viewpoints of prisoners? Since when did newspapers express anything except those opinions considered acceptable by the status quo? Only rarely has to be the answer to both of those questions.

It is also a truth that the word F - U - C - K is an accepted word in the English language and two of the places it has officially found a place are on page 531 of THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, New College Edition, published in 1978 by Houghton Mifflin Company and on page 463 of WEBSTER'S NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY, published in 1977. It is found there because it is

part of the English by most English-describe so much and erent viewpoints. ough, it is hardly to describe a sexual very day to reflect feel about their hands of the author-

fuck (fŭk) *v.* fucked, fucking, fucks. —*tr.* 1. *Vulgar.* To have sexual intercourse with. 2. *Vulgar Slang.* To deal with in an aggressive, unjust, or spiteful manner. 3. *Vulgar Slang.* To mishandle; bungle. Usually used with *up*. —*intr.* 1. *Vulgar.* To engage in sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang.* To meddle; interfere. Used with *with*. —*n.* 1. *Vulgar.* An act or instance of sexual intercourse. 2. *Vulgar Slang.* A partner in sexual intercourse. [Middle English *fucken*, a Germanic verb originally meaning "to strike, move quickly, penetrate" (akin to or perhaps borrowed from Middle Dutch *fokken*, to strike, copulate with); details uncertain owing to lack of early attestations. See *peig* in Appendix.*] **fuck-ing** (fŭk'ing) *adj.* *Vulgar Slang.* Damned. Used as an intensive. —*adv.* *Vulgar Slang.* Very. Used as an intensive.

an English word, language, and used speaking people to from so many diff- Interestingly en- ever used in prisons act, but is used e- how most prisoners experience in the ities.

Because such a big deal got made about our having this word appear, we took the tact that until we felt oppressed by not being able to speak this word out of our own language, we would quietly go along with it. And, as long as we are able to say some of the things we believe need to be said about prison experience, and there is an acceptable balance between what we can and cannot say, we will work to describe the process of getting screwed, or whatever, without actually uttering the piece of language some find so distasteful. We find it relatively easy to go along with this newest policy, because we believe the situation is really a Red Herring . . . it comes out of a situation where certain people would like to be able to come onto us for what we have said, or have chosen to ignore, about their activities inside this prison; and they feel it is easier to attack us in this way, rather than it might be on something of substance. So, from now on, when we mean something like "that-unutterable-word you," we'll say, "Kiss my stigmata" instead, trying to protect (although I never understood that to be an editor's function) the over-sensitive eyes of those who can walk through a place like Dorchester and never have anything to say about it, yet who'll come on about a single word, and especially when it has only been used sparingly and constructively, describing the real feelings of real people in a bigger-than-real situation.

COMMUNICATOR STAFF

Editor & Typing: Bob Eby
Business Manager: Greg Scott
Printer & Typing: Cecil Cuff
Graphics & Layout:

Sean Ryan
Roving Sports Reporter:
Al Baltzer

CENSORSHIP within these pages used to allow characters in the fiction section to speak as they do in real life; but, times have changed and we are no longer permitted to use what some people term vulgar language, although we can continue to describe the vulgarity that is prison. "FOUR-LETTER" words, except ones like kill, hate, beat, dead, time, rape, Hole, jail, rule, pain, fear, and the r-i-s-y that goes with hypocrisy, even if they are in the dictionary, will not be seen again. We will go along with this newest rule while we feel we are getting some of the things said which need saying.

It is also true that we publish items from time to time that express views we don't agree with; however, since we are a forum for diverse opinions, and since opinions are like noses -- everybody's got one -- we will defend to the death the signing author's right to take care of himself. If you read something that provokes you, write down your feelings and send them in; otherwise, take a Bromo and forget it; or, perhaps, re-think your position and tell us about how that happened.

No person in authority over prisoners necessarily agrees with the opinions expressed herein, although they do allow us to publish providing no staff names are used in a negative context and opinions do not get passed off as facts.

THE PUBLISHING BOARD

J.A. Davidson: AD/SOC.
Ken Maher: Citizen's Committee
Reg Caulfield: Act/S.C.D.O.
J. Spence: Act/H.S.D.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIAL . . .	1
IN THE BAG . . .	3
FEATURE: "Handcuffed, Stripped..."	5
INSIDE FEATURE: Family Visits at Dorchester . . .	7
Deadline Near But Editor Far . . .	9
GETTING STRAIGHT . . .	10
Changing of the Keys . . .	12
UNIT REPORTS . . .	14
AS I SEE IT . . .	17
Reform Sentencing . . .	18
Torture Used At Dorchester?	19
Is There Anybody Out There?	20
Inmates Sue Over Prison Transfers . . . and Act To End Prison Chaos . .	21
FILE THIRTEEN . . .	22
Advisory Committee Says	23
Group Join Ex-Cons . . .	24
Conjugal Visits at Five Prisons .	26
'One in 600 Put in Jail'	27
FROM BACK WARDS TO FRONT LINES . . .	28
COMMITTEE NOTES . . .	31
FICTION & POETRY SECTION .	32
CONTINUED SECTION . . .	40
SPORTSECTION . . .	43
CLASSIFIED SECTION . . .	47

Except where an item is prefixed by a © symbol signifying copyright, the contents herein are free for reprinting, providing the author & the COMMUNICATOR receive recognition as the originating sources.

IN THE BAG

The Toronto Star

Toronto Star Newspapers Limited

One Yonge Street
Toronto, Ontario, Canada
M5E 1E6

Editorial Department

November 26, 1980

Mr. Bob Eby,
Editor, The Communicator Magazine,
P.O. Box 2140,
Springhill, N.S. B0M 1X0

Dear Bob:

This is just a note to say how much I enjoy receiving your magazine. I can see you are serving your audience very well, but you also impress the hell out of outsiders like myself. You're so up-to-date on issues affecting prisons that I read The Communicator for story ideas. Surely, your publication is must reading for anyone writing about life in prisons today.

It's also nice to see that talent you've "discovered" -- like Kerry Holland -- is getting a break.

Keep up the good work.

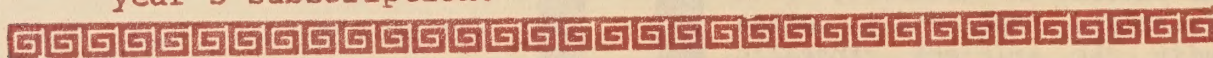
Sincerely,



John G. Miller
Deputy Managing Editor

:sc

P.S. I've had a free ride long enough; here's a cheque for one year's subscription.



Bob — I've been going through those copies of the COMMUNICATOR that you sent. I've been very moved by much of the writing. It has so much good material that there seems little point in listing particular articles. I liked your "Warehouse . . ." series very much. As I mentioned I write a bit of fiction myself but on reading the material in the COMMUNICATOR I realized how much I have to learn regarding literary form and maintaining a pace in the story. I don't like rigid distinc-

tions between fiction and non-fiction, so again I am impressed by the ability of prison-writers to synthesize the two.

The other piece that I particularly liked was "Trilogy" in Vol. 9 #1. It made me once again very frightened of ever ending up inside prison. After writing and reading many, many letters dealing with prisons, life inside begins to take on a very surreal feeling. I know that life inside is very hard, yet the abstract

familiarity that is built up through reading letters and articles from prisoners tends to make them less frightening. But "Trilogy" rekindled the fear. Would it be possible to send me Carl Robbins address. I would like to send him a copy of BULLDOZER. *

I also very much appreciated the articles on that prison guru Grygier in Vol. 9 #1. We recently engaged in some discussions within our group over the nature of Corrections Canada: Do they plan a very long time in advance such strategies as building a super max prison? Do they consciously manipulate — if not create — such situations as Dorchester to make such changes palatable, neigh even necessary? Or are they like so many government bureaucracies and blunder from crisis to crisis without ever being on top of what is happening? Are they idealists in the worse sense of the word in that if they work things out on paper do they assume that reality has been efficiently dealt with? There are many, many questions and the series of articles on Corrections Canada dealt with some of them very well.

I am not sure how your financial situation is but if possible could you send a copy of Vol. 9 #1 to (name and address withheld by us).

He is one of the other main people behind BULLDOZER but due to the distance between Bancroft and Montreal it is difficult to share material.

Signed,

Jim Campbell

* EDITOR'S NOTE: BULLDOZER is a new penal-press publication coming out of Ontario; but, unlike most, this one originates from outside a prison. It is mainly letters written by guys in Special Handling Units and maximum-security prisons across Canada and the United States. Anyone wanting to make contact with them and/or wanting a copy of their fine magazine should write:

BULLDOZER,
P.O. Box 1817,
BANCROFT, Ontario
K0L 1C0



"HANDCUFFED, STRIPPED..."

Woman Parolee Sues Prison Guard

by Ed Donnelly
VANCOUVER FREE PRESS



ERI FERGUSON'S LIFE IS A BEFORE-AND-AFTER STORY.

Before last December 4, Ferguson was a street-wise Vancouverite, surviving mainly by her wits, looking for ways to get by without bringing too much heat on herself.

Since December 4, she is a new woman; still street-wise, but now convinced that safety lies in numbers, that people can accomplish what they want if they just work together.

Now, she's got a cause; eliminating the brutal and capricious conditions that prevail at the Oakalla Women's Prison in Burnaby.

It didn't happen all in one day, but the events of last December 4 certainly played a large role in her transformation.

THAT'S WHEN SHE WAS FORCIBLY STRIPPED BY A MAN. Stripped of her clothes, but also of her right to privacy, and of her need to be treated with respect and dignity. It was a degrading experience — all the more so because, being in the Solitary Confinement unit of Oakalla, and being handcuffed in the bargain, she was powerless to resist. No one in the whole world, except for three male and four female guards, could even hear her cries of outrage, much less give a hand.

FERGUSON IS ANGRY about the experience, but not so emotional that she can't draw some precise conclusions.

"Talk about violence against women," she says. "Prison is the ultimate place for that, with no holds barred.

"I call it violence when you can't even get the medical attention that you need, when you're forcibly prevented from seeing your friends and your family, when you get slammed into the digger (solitary) on a whim of the guards."

"At least on the street, you can scream, you can yell, you can fight back, you can even call the police. In prison, nobody can hear you, nobody can see you, hardly anybody even knows you're there."

"As for police, well the guards are police, judge, and jury all rolled into one. And they get to carry out the sentences, too."

ON DECEMBER 4, Ferguson, serving a one-year term for auto theft, was already into the seventh straight day in Solitary for creating a disturbance in the medical office. It had been a spontaneous outburst, throwing things around the office and at the nurse, generated by frustration at the totally negligent way that women's health needs are attended to at Oakalla.

All she wanted was some salve for a rash caused by the unsanitary conditions in Oakalla. Instead, she got three weeks in the digger.

Life there was non-stop tedium, a spartan existence in dingy, dirty surroundings, broken only by the occasional opportunity to play cards with one of the (female) staff.

On the evening before the 4th, a couple of other prisoners in Solitary had set fire to their cells. They never said why, although the administration insists it was part of an escape attempt that never got off the ground.

The next morning (the 4th), as she was sitting in her cell, the solid steel door was thrown open without warning and a seven-person goon squad rushed in.

At the head of the squad was Don Stevenson, a former guard in the women's jail who had supposedly been transferred to the outside groundskeeping crew. The transfer was effected following revelations at a 1978 royal inquiry that women's privacy was constantly being violated by male staff roaming



about the experience, that she can't draw conclusions.

ence against women," is the ultimate no holds barred.

ence when you can't attention that you forcibly prevented ends and your family, into the digger (sol-guards."

you can scream, you can can even call the police. In

the corridors.

Stevenson grabbed Ferguson, who is 5'4" and weighs 120 pounds, and threw a pair of handcuffs on her. She was wearing only a pair of Oakalla-issue cotton flowered pajamas, and he proceeded to pull the top off and pulled the bottoms off.

"All those men standing around there — it was so degrading," recalls Ferguson. "It all happened without warning. Yet there was no need for it. I was in my cell, locked up, a danger to no one. I didn't need a goon squad to subdue me."

Ferguson was hauled off to a special punishment cell, and left there naked on the bare concrete for more than a day. She finally got her clothes back — just before some outside visitors were due to tour the prison.

"After that, I knew what I wanted to do," she says. "I wasn't going to keep hitting my head against a wall all by myself. It wasn't just one or two incidents that were wrong, it was the whole system that encouraged that kind of abuse, and we had to get organized to make some changes."

THE STEVENSON INCIDENT was no isolated occurrence. Conditions in the women's prison had been deteriorating for months, under the arbitrary and excessively harsh administration of Warden Marie Peacock.

As tensions built, fires were being set, members of staff were assaulted, prisoners increasingly stashed in the digger.

A week after Ferguson got out of the digger on New Year's Eve, her unit in the prison — about 20 women — staged a peaceful sit-in to protest conditions. The sit-in turned into a smash-up, and an all-male riot squad was brought in from the men's jail up the hill to resolve things.

The protestors were placed in the decrepit old 'cow barns' Solitary unit — cold, slimy and without plumbing. There they staged another joint action, pulling off a strike and showering their keepers with human waste from the buckets in their cells.

The key demand in all the protests was the right of prisoners to organize themselves, to form a committee, to meet with the administration, and to bargain peacefully over conditions.

Ferguson, who only a few months before was content to protest through her own individual actions, played an active role in bringing the women together and in ensuring that the protests were carried out in a collective manner.

SINCE HER RELEASE FROM PRISON in February, she has carried on the fight from the outside, writing letters and petitions, appearing on television and trying to rally public understanding of the problems within the Oakalla women's unit. A big job, especially when she is also working in a day-care centre to pay for groceries, and has to meet weekly appointments with her probation officer.

Next Monday (June 2), she will testify in court against Don Stevenson — the guard who stripped her. Stevenson has since been transferred to the Oakalla men's prison, was charged by RCMP — after considerable prodding from Ferguson — with assault in connection with the incident. Oakalla has not denied the stripping took place, just that it was necessary for "security" reasons.

Ferguson has paid the price for new-found interest in prison reform. Before her release, she was constantly harassed by the administration, and attempts were made unsuccessfully to set her up for a beating by other prisoners.

As well, the very next day after Stevenson was charged, Ferguson was herself charged with assaulting the nurse during the incident in the medical office. That was more than two months after the incident, and after Ferguson had already served three weeks in Solitary as punishment.

"Those are the kinds of coincidences that make you realize how resistant they are to change," she says, noting that the charge casts a shadow over her own future. Now she is preparing a civil suit against Oakalla and its administration, including Peacock, complaining of cruel and unusual punishment.

"It's not just one guard. He gets his orders from on high. It's the whole system we have to go after."

Despite the obstacles, Ferguson feels progress has been made, even in the few months since she got started.

"They're really treading softly inside now because of all the bad publicity. They're not as heavy with their punishments, and when there are complaints, they at least make a pretense of listening."

"If people, both inside and outside, stop complaining, though, you can bet they'll just go back to their old ways. That's why we can't let our guard down." 1

Family Visits At Dorchester

by bob eby

Over the past year, the COMMUNICATOR has been publishing items pertaining to the establishment of conjugal visiting programs in penitentiaries across Canada and the United States. ARDEN THURBER, the Head of Social Development at this medium-security institution is one of the people appointed by the Commissioner of Penitentiaries to work on a study group, headquartered in Moncton, to look into the matter and make recommendations as to the design and operation of such a unit at Dorchester, the maximum-security prison in New Brunswick.

In a two-hour conversation with Mr. Thurber, it became obvious that he and his co-study workers are trying to look at their area of concern from as many sides as possible. They have gone so far as to consider what kind of promotional terminology they want affixed to the concept and began by playing down the conjugal aspect, feeling that the conjugal segment of a person's relationship with another person is not only personal but is only one aspect of a family's life together and should be seen that way. It was reasoned that to play up the conjugal or sexual aspect would be to risk challenging certain basic values in the surrounding community and that this could create a negative reaction against the program which would be counter productive.

The study group looked at family visiting programs in place in both Canada and the United States, some having been in existence and operating as long as 12 years. Looks were taken at European countries where family visiting is considered just another facet of normal life and, therefore, something the authorities automatically take for granted while a convicted offender is in their charge. Attica, the maximum-security penitentiary in upper New York State, where 38 prisoners and guards were shot down in 1971 during one of the bloodiest prison riots in history, started their family visiting program only a few years after the riot. When the Commissioner's group studied the Attica program, they not only found that it was highly successful in terms of bringing a



degree of normalcy back into the lives of some of the prisoners there (about 25% of the population of 1200 use the program) but it also had a tempering affect on the prison itself. The thinking on this is that if a man feels that he is still able to communicate and contribute to his family he tends to work all that much harder to get himself back out into the free world where he can share more fully in the lives of those he cares about.

It has been found that anywhere for 24 to 40 percent of the people using the family visiting programs in Canada and the U.S. include non-conjugal situations such as exist between a mother and father coming to spend two days with their son or daughter in the privacy of the family visiting facility. Further to this wanting to put the emphasis on the family aspect rather than the sexual, the study group has been trying to build in certain avenues that will be open to families participating in the program, channels families can take advantage of if they wish to which will be designed to help alleviate some of the hardships of having, say, a breadwinner behind bars. The kinds of things they have been looking at are ways and means of channelling a concerned group into, say, family counselling which would cover everything from conversations about birth control to child raising, or getting a family financial advice, or access to medical help, or, perhaps, even counselling with regard to re-locating or obtaining travel arrangements to get to the prison for visits. All of these aspects of trying to set up what would not only be a family visiting program but a more complete and comprehensive service for men and women incarcerated are being looked at from the viewpoint that where a family can hang together, that will give the newly-released ex-prisoner a much better chance of re-organizing his/her life around the family rather than around values which will eventually lead the individual back into conflict with the law. Although it hasn't been

absolutely proved that the Attica Family Reunion Program is the only variable responsible for it, a curious thing is happening with the men who have taken part in that program. In a study done there, they took a look at the first seventy guys released from the prison who had taken part in the program and found that after two years only six or seven of them had been arrested again, and only one had been recommitted for another crime. They are not jumping to the conclusion that the existence of the Family Reunion Program is responsible for the unusually low recidivism rate among ex-participants, but they are thinking it is one indicator and needs to be considered when trying to determine the value of the program and directions institutional programming should be taking.

Dorchester is to be one of the first institutions where a family visiting program will be installed. It will open sometime early in the New Year and will consist of an house trailer set up within the prison compound. The rationale on this is that the visitors will have to come into the prison compound, thereby reducing the risk of escapes from within the prison population and cutting down on the degree of risk with regards to contraband smuggling.

The security procedures the Moncton study group are looking at is that visitors will bring a change of clothing with them and will turn these over to the authorities when entering the institution. The clothes will be searched to ascertain that no contraband is hidden in them. A visitor will be asked to step behind a screen and to disrobe in the company of a staff person of the same sex. The security person will then turn over the searched clothing to the visitor and the visitor will dress, using the already searched clothing. The system being used at Attica, which has been working very well according to the Attica authorities, is that visitors are not searched at all. The logic here is that since the prisoners themselves are being strip-searched before and after the visit, the chances of contraband being brought in are reduced to acceptable levels. Because this procedure works well at Attica, a maximum-security prison where relations between staff and prisoners are far more polarized than at Dorchester, the study group is recommending that this plan be followed when the Dorchester program gets underway.

Visitors will not be allowed to bring food, alcohol or drugs into the prison, and they will be expected to conform to the searching and admittance procedures, whatever they end up being, if they wish to participate in the program. Meals and snacks will be handled by the institutional Food Services staff and all meals will be prepared and provided for by the kitchen. Food will be ordered from a menu which will be supplied to both the prisoner and his visitors five days in advance of the visit. The menu will contain multiple meal choices and styles of preparation, and will cover everything from baby foods to special dietary needs and snacks for between meals. To help spread the cost of the visits around more equally, the prisoner will be expected to pay for the prepared food from out of his institutional canteen savings. Meals for a family of, say, four, will cost an average of 25 to 30 dollars for a two-day visit. A prisoner will be entitled to apply for 3 of these two-day visits per year.

The prisoner and his visitors will be asked to show themselves from time to time during the visit, say, by stepping outside the trailer where they can be counted without a security officer having to enter the facility. A telephone will be on hand in the event of an emergency or so that security personnel can communicate with those in the trailer without creating any undue disturbance. The unit will be self-contained and off by itself, with the major emphasis being on providing as much privacy and dignity as is humanly possible under the circumstances.

The way a prisoner gets his name on the visiting list is to apply through the institutional authorities for that privilege. The roll will be separate from a prisoner's ordinary visiting list in that the Family Visiting Program is designed for members of a prisoner's immediate family. Common-law relationships which can be sanctioned by, say, welfare agencies, county or municipal authorities, and other government or recognized agencies will be considered for the program if they were in existence six months before the prisoner was admitted to the prison. It is thought that at this time in history about one-third of the population at Dorchester will be eligible.

When a prisoner's name is put on the visiting roll, he is assigned a number. When your number comes up, it is your turn. If for some reason you are not able to have your visit on the date that was set aside, the next prisoner on the list moves up into your place for consideration or until a group is found who can get in on that date. Your name remains on the list and you will be given a new date as soon as is possible and in accordance with your position on the list. There will be no trading of time

slots. This procedure is a "direct steal from the Attica program" said Mr. Thurber, "and is the one we like the best." As do all matters pertaining to the management of a prison, this list and how it functions, as well as whether your common-law relationship is recognized by the institutional authorities, is up to the warden of the prison.

The program will begin at Millhaven first and will move across the country, beginning with maximum-security prisons. The logic behind this is that more people in maximum-security are not eligible for temporary leaves of absence and other forms of release, so it is reasoned that they are more in need of this type of program than the rest of us. It will be implemented at medium-security institutions once the maximums are taken care of.

ARDEN THURBER pointed out a truth the Attica program has experienced and suggested it might apply here, too. He told me that the authorities at Attica were finding that men who had experienced the Family Reunion Program there tended to work out their family problems while still inside the prison, instead of waiting until they were back on the streets a few months and then breaking up with their wives and ladies. He said that it seems that the existence of the Family Reunion Program is helping people to either solidify their relationships while they are still in or it brings people to realize that the relationship is not what they want to continue with. It appears that the program helps bring things to a head, instead of having them linger on and then only fail later.

He told me that he is anxious to see the program introduced at Dorchester as soon as is possible. "The sooner the program can contribute to some normalcy in the operation of that institution, I think there will be more likelihood of that institution functioning in a less tense way." "This program has the potential to contribute to a healthier kind of atmosphere at any institution it is introduced, and it should therefore be supported by all concerned with the well-being of both prisoners and staff and their families." *

Deadline Near But Editor Far

THE GLOBE AND MAIL

BOWDEN, Alta. (CP)—The PARALLAX, the prisoners' monthly newspaper at Bowden Institute, may miss its deadline this month—the editor has escaped.

Randy Warren Johnson, 20, of Calgary was reported missing at the medium-security penitentiary yesterday afternoon, just after he went to work on the newspaper.

Mr. Johnson was serving five years for possession of stolen property.

In an editorial in last month's PARALLAX, he told fellow prisoners the penitentiary was not a bad place to be:

"I know this isn't the best place to be but it's all we've got right now. And it's a hell of a lot better than some of the other places I've been."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Maybe he's just out researching an article . . . coming up with materials suitable for publishing month after month is not as easy as it sounds. I think I'd vote for Randy as being just another of the misguided editors biting the bullet....

GETTING STRAIGHT

"GETTING STRAIGHT" will appear in each issue. The basic theme of each item will be attempts at looking at old notions in new ways; in other words, challenging basic values --working at getting it straight.

THE ORIGINAL ESSAY

(PART TWO)

by Steven Rogers
U.S.A.

DEFINITIONS USED IN PART ONE:

I believe human reality generally reduces down to what I call the Twin Deity. All most people care about is that when they die and go before a non-existent god, they can pull out a chain of people from one side and scream, "All these people loved me," and pull out a chain of people from the other side and scream, "And my life was just as good, had just as much quality as theirs."

THAT'S IT!!

"Entertainment" comes in three categories—love/art/beauty temptation (all the same thing), drugs/survival tactics (both the same). The first category consists of things a person considers truly worthwhile.

People say that "love is the answer" and I agree. But the best way to say that is as "temptation is the answer." Temptation is the answer!

My definition of a drug is love that enslaves for the sake of survival. When we haven't the money/power/freedom (all the same thing) to obtain the love/art/beauty/temptation we desire, we turn to something still attractive, but less so, in order to stay spiritually alive and make life worthwhile.

Escapism and pain killers are "entertainment" that we engage in that we do not truly enjoy.

The detractors of capitalism say it is "inherently corrupt," a fancy way of saying it is evil. Evil doesn't exist, only ignorance. Acts that are immoral and wrong surely happen, but we should not forget to look at the truth behind the reality. The reason civilization isn't utopia is culture-phobia, a fear of the power of other cultures. Racism and anti-semitism is culture-phobia.



PRISON CONVICTS ARE THE MOST SEVERE VICTIMS OF CULTURE-PHOBIA in society. Being a janitor and a loner (both basically out of choice I have almost as little clout with the Twin Deity as they. When I hear about complaints of guard brutality, I usually believe them. When people fully realize my total disregard for the Twin Deity, they dig right in, it's the perfect crime. I'm never attacked physically, but they do their best psychologically to torture and rape me. In many cases they are ordinarily very nice people. But most people, nice as they are, would commit the perfect crime if given the opportunity.

It's often said that children can be very cruel. But adults are no different, it's just that they aren't willing to threaten the larger investment they've accumulated with the Twin Deity as much as kids are their smaller one. When adults come upon a situation where they aren't going to be doing anything that isn't okay with the Twin Deity, they become filled with a lust-like righteousness.

In these situations they'll say through their behavior, "You have to agree, and be like us. We had to!! You have to love us and let us love (molest) you. See how it feels!!" I've gotten very good at keeping these people at a distance. But someone who doesn't serve the Twin Deity is really beyond their comprehension.

Humanity's greatest psychological sin is saying, "You have to agree." Parents are obligated to discipline and educate, but never to brainwash or commit psychological violence. Saying "You have to agree" is the sickest thing one human being can say to another. This mistaken belief is the root of all ignorance and mental illness. People who say "you have to agree" don't believe in freedom, and only say it when someone doesn't love them. I'm not talking about what people may have to do in life. I'm just saying they don't have to like it.

Children (when I say children, I mean pre-adolescents) are at a great disadvantage as far as art or love/beauty/temptation goes. While I certainly feel guidance is necessary to keep a child from doing irresponsible things, culturally children are too often victims of culture-phobia. Sometimes this is because of a jealous and over-selfish indulgence on the part of parents to obtain love from them. No one takes kids seriously except for merchants, who do it very poorly. While children can't be allowed total freedom, they deserve much more opportunity to demand their own culture. People who decide what "good" children's entertainment is may often be doing more harm than good. And I agree with whoever said, "Let's put violence back in the arts, where it belongs." If you watch kittens playing, they look for all the world as if they're over-dosed on TV violence, but this obviously is not the case. In fact I'm convinced the growing violence in sports is in direct relation to the suppression of its artificial equivalent in the other arts. Japan has one of the lowest crime rates in the world and the excessive violence portrayed on Japanese television may have something to do with this. Human energy/physical spirit is much too wonderful a feeling to suppress, and I don't think sports and dance are sufficient outlets for this great gift of life force. I also consider sports a crude form of comic books. Comic books minus freedom (with rules) equals sports.

As children get older, many "refuse to grow up" or "adjust" (compromise). Sometimes this isn't legitimate behavior, sometimes it is. I believe that Welfare will always exist, that this is a good thing, and that someday anyone who wishes will be able to go on it, without social stigma. If society can't make working worthwhile, then it is society that is lacking.

I also feel that there should be more low-pressure jobs and that society should not attach a stigma to them.

Many problems of society come about when people find alcoholism, crime, or religion more tempting or less painful than reality without these things. Chances are if you had the same shell (looks, sex, and health), opinions (tastes and beliefs), and found yourself in the same environment (past and present), you'd be just like them. You might be holding up much better, but you might be messing up much worse.

Welfare (and everything) ideally should be funded not by public but by competitively private funds, although better to have it through taxes than not at all. In fact I would like to see philanthropists go into competition with civil and social agencies, even if only on a limited basis because I believe that half of all tax dollars are wasted.

I believe that when people benefit from a charity (public or private), a record should be kept of the funds used so they could pay back this money. But that there should be absolutely no pressure to repay, ever—only if and when they wish. The purpose of this idea is not to make people appreciative of others. Since I believe that making money and doing good always should be and someday will be one and the same thing (I'm speaking on strictly a societal and not on a personal level), charities will eventually be openly considered business enterprises. If a company solves an individual's problem, the business/charity will be breaking even by its image benefitting from its contribution to society. The individual's repaying of their debt will be the company's profit. I'm convinced this is how many charities will be run in utopia. My idea is real investment in people having difficulty in society.

As I've said before, the key to utopia is popular culture. But what is art for people today, speaking in very broad terms? For children it's television, for teenagers it's popular music, physiological drugs and sex. For men it's "the game," or sports.

For women, art is shopping, usually the supermarket. For them it's products and their packaging. The packaging is sculpture for them, specially designed tissues are art galleries, and so on ad infinitum. The content of pro-

ducts aids the power of their wrapping and vice versa, in a million ways.

People themselves often try to be the right product in the right package, the right vision in the right vehicle. I feel that human beings are only more important than other works and forms of art because they are temporary, irreplaceable, and frustratingly difficult to preserve. They seem more important because they are "magical" living art "factories" that also move us by the futility we feel in our efforts (or non-efforts) to preserve them.

People tend to forget that television and radio belong to the public and they do not demand fair division of this media. I believe radio especially could go an enormous way towards developing tolerance and destroying culture-phobia. However, many people in radio program music in the name of "education," i.e., they indulge themselves.

Art is in the "eye" of the beholder. We won't have utopia until people who like allegedly trashy things feel just as comfortable with and proud of what they like as Beethoven or Duke Ellington fans are. In fact, I believe people in the media and education who supposedly have a monopoly on the truth as far as the arts go often know they are exploiting the less educated and aware to nurture their own culture. The people in charge of the arts do their best to keep the people at large deliberately stupid. I believe any given culture should be self-supporting and that in the future no one will be able to get away with saying that "we know what true art is so you have to support us." This is a lie that has been used for centuries and that is culture-phobia, essentially no different from racism. Not only will the power of this lie perish in a utopia, destroying this lie is vital if we wish to achieve utopia. The easiest way to destroy the lie is to allow more variety of opinion regarding the arts and entertainment in the media.

In the wake of such a change, the arts in radio, public television, and education (schools and libraries) will alter radically as well as society itself as the artistic preferences of the people running these institutions become totally irrelevant. And tax dollars supporting somebody else's culture is a practice no more defensible than slavery.

We can't have utopia until we destroy The Lie. No one has a monopoly on the truth.

(In the same way The Lie is used, culture-phobia parents keep their children deliberately stupid and drive them to "entertainment," usually drugs, and all they can get of it. "You just want one because they've got one." When they grow up they can't stop serving the Twin Deity.) &

Changing Of The Keys by bob eby

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3RD . . . after more than a week of running madly about, cleaning and painting everything in sight around the gymnasium (even down to removing a basketball net, leaving the hoop hanging, almost indecently, empty because it was soiled); after arranging and rearranging chairs into rows running this way then that; after deciding that the press should sit here, no there! the afternoon brought DONALD YEOMANS, the Commissioner of Penitentiaries, to this medium-security institution for a "changing of the keys" ceremony, when the exiting (and already three months gone) warden, WILLIE GIBBS, handed the keys to the prison over to the newly-installed warden (who had already been on the job more than two months), ALAN STEVENSON.

About two hundred staff and their guests gathered for the early afternoon ceremony. It was opened with a prayer "for those in authority" by Rev. Pierre Allard from Dorchester, who also asked that "the broken spirits" not be forgotten.

Willie Gibbs took the dais, telling stories from his 14 years of experience in the correctional service and explaining that he had to miss a tennis tournament in which he was expected to compete because the ceremony he was now engaged in had originally been scheduled for the week before. He cracked another of his anti-bureaucratic jokes and moved into an explanation about one of the stronger points about Springhillers -- he told the audience that Springhillers had "a special awareness a-

bout hard times because of their own experiences." He pointed out that he had been on the board which selected Alan Stevenson as Head of Living Units at Warkworth Institution in Ontario, and that he was pleased to see that he was right in making the selection he did. As always, he got a warm round of applause.

It was at about this time that I was ready to head for the hills... a bagpiper came swinging (his kilt doing the swishing) down the center aisle in a traditional Nova Scotia welcome, but one I have always thought was aimed at scaring the Harpies away....

Commissioner Yeomans took the dais, dressed in full uniform, and explained that there were 3500 more uniformed men and women in the Canadian Correctional Service proudly wearing the C.C.S. uniform. He went on to explain that Canada is superior in terms of the physical plants of its prisons. He said that England, for example, has 12,000 double cells and 3,000 that house more than two people at a time, most with no running water or toilets. He claimed that Canada has more protections in place to protect inmates' rights than any other prison service in the world... and, at this point, his voice rose with emotion. He boasted of Canada's newly-installed prisoner Grievance Procedures and challenged anyone to dispute his statements about this country's superiority on these points.

Sitting in the audience, an outsider, but about as inside as you can get, I was watching the faces

of the people around me for their reaction to the Commissioner's statements, and most particularly, to his obvious emotional energy when making them. The audience struck me as pretty apathetic, seemingly unimpressed. A number of people told me afterwards that they weren't happy with the emphasis the Commissioner was putting on the wearing of uniforms. Some said they "thought those days were long gone."

The new warden, Alan Stevenson, took the dais and told the audience that he was happy to be here and that he was beginning to get organized. He also said that Springhill stacks up well with any institution in Canada. He looked very young in his new uniform, almost too young to be a soldier never mind a warden.

It was at this point that JACK MAC DONALD and the Honour Guard slow-stepped down the center aisle from the back of the room, carrying the keys to the front gate (I guess) on a satin pillow. The PARRSBORO CITIZEN'S BAND led by BERNIE BURKE provided a musical accompaniment, lending a military flair to the whole setting.

The keys changed hands and it was done . . . people headed for the buffet luncheon laid out at the back of the room. There was full participation there, except for one semi-media type who spent his time ducking a Keeper intent on putting him to work lugging equipment out the back door....2



MARGOLIAN'S
FURNISHINGS

AMHERST, N. S.

MEN'S, LADIES' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
FURNISHINGS AND FOOTWEAR,
ALSO HOME FURNISHINGS

Supports the COMMUNICATOR

THE LATE GREAT UNIT EIGHT

by Bob Fairm



GEE, I THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER GET this unit report started . . . Mike the Bug just left . . . peace, quiet, peace, quiet, peace. Anyway, not much is going on. Everybody is starting to settle down for the winter months, especially since we have had our first bit of white stuff, and I don't mean cocaine.

The unit had a few card tournaments in which we were going to give prizes to the winners. However, when our man showed up at one of the local stores on a t.a. to buy them, the people there (which by the way, I won't mention by name but it is in Amherst and is painted

yellow and is the fourth store on the left as you leave town), anyway, back to what I was saying . . . our man filled up the shopping cart and took it to the check-out girl where he was told he needed a 99 Slip -- whatever that is. I guess the government's credit is the pits. So, now I sit in my cell and try to explain to all the winners that they will get their coffee mugs and T-Shirts next week . . . I hope.

There is not much else to say, except that the unit is running pretty smoothly, which is always nice. God, all this peace and quiet is driving me crazy. Where oh where is Mike the Bug?

N-NUMBER

N-NINE

by MARTY (Tatoo) SMITH

DOING TIME IN NUMBER NINE REALLY isn't much fun. There isn't much going on. In the past, it was nice to be able to stay out of our cells and watch the World Series games, but aside from that, there has not been all that much to do.

As everyone knows, the A LEAGUE FAST BALL team lost the championship because of the overly long lay-off between the regular season and the play-offs, and then having to play only 5 inning games in the play-offs which was unfair to both teams. But, better luck next year, Guys. And, as for the B LEAGUE team, they didn't even get a smell of first place or the championships. They were put out in four straight games.

But, they may be able to get it on next year. Maybe by putting both teams together and making up a ball hockey team, we'll get ourselves back up to having some fun.

We do have a pretty fair volleyball team and we are open to any team who would like to play us in the future.

It was set up for us to have another MONTE CARLO NIGHT on Saturday November 8th, but due to a clos-

ure that night, it was set for another date off in the future. What the reason for this was, I don't know. We would like to see more happening in the unit, such as tournaments and more MONTE CARLO NIGHTS.

Well, until next time, hang in there.

Therapy Is . . .

by Kenny Edwards

We held another VEGAS NIGHT in the unit. A new feature this time around was that the DISCUSSION COMMITTEE arranged things so that virtually everyone who showed up won a prize, even if they only turned out to walk around, looking, without spending any money. There were seven games of chance, with five of them being House Games. The two private games (Poker and Blackjack) had to pay the House a Table Rental Fee. All in all, about one hundred dollars was put into our CANTEEN CREDIT FUND from this event. The money is then loaned out to guys, interest free, in our unit and is also used to finance free tournaments and bingo nights between VEGAS

NIGHTS, which are held every six weeks. It was an enjoyable night.

We had another BARBECUE and it was great. Instead of steaks, this time we had barbecued hamburgers and boiled corn. They were cooked from rare to well-done, which was a treat since getting anything done the way you like it around here is as rare as some of the guys liked their hamburgers. The corn was fresh and sweet, coming from local suppliers. The only thing wrong with the day was that it was too damn cold to linger, enjoying the cook-out. But, I guess that is designed to fit in with the torture of doing time. FRED SHARPE, MIKE LEAVER and ROY ENGLAND did the cooking for the event. They got the thanks of most and the gripes of a very few. JACK KLINE of the Recreation Staff helped out, as did the KITCHEN STAFF by supplying us with a big pot for the corn and other utensils. They also prepared a cole slaw for us. The truth of the matter is that if they hadn't pitched in like they did at the last moment, we could not have had our barbecue. It all went towards making a good day for the guys in our unit.

We did another BOOK SALE in the unit and it was a big success. We sold over fourteen hundred dollars worth of magazines and paperbound novels which you can't ordinarily get here. Again, our UNIT WELFARE FUND got a little fattening up, getting ready for the coming holidays when we are planning some special treats for the guys in the unit. Once the books have been delivered, we strongly suggest that if you are not already in the habit, what with all the girlie books around, you'd better Knock Before Entering another guy's drum. Thanks goes out to the DISCUSSION COMMITTEE for the good work on the BOOK SALE.

Our FREE CARD TOURNAMENT WEEKEND

went over well, with prizes for all the winners, paid for by THE JAR (Canteen Credit Fund). We'll also be holding a BINGO later this week out of the monies from THE JAR. There will be 20 games and 20 prizes, with a couple of DOOR PRIZES. This will be a FREE NIGHT, so everyone in the unit will probably turn out.

We have been lucky over the last couple of months in that we have not been locked-up due to budgetary shortages. It is now the HUNTING SEASON and we are prepared to lock-up for a few days around the end of the month. For those of you who need something done by the Living Unit staff On Leave, don't expect anything to happen until their return. There are staff left who will help . . . good hunting.

Even with staff juggling shifts for the hunting season, we are still enjoying our high standard of participation in the unit. We had some guys out on a BOWLING T.A., with more going out in another week or so, and arrangements are being made by our new T.A. COORDINATOR, KEVIN NORMAN (with the help of our soon-to-leave-for-Ontario, past coordinator, GLEN THOMPSON) for a SIX-WEEK BEGINNER'S SWIMMING PROGRAM, which will see guys going out every Friday afternoon to take swimming lessons at the Mount Allison University pool. We have also discussed getting some new games in the unit, like Monopoly and Frustration, etc. We are getting tired of the old ones, we never win....

With FRED BEATON gone to the Farm, we appointed a new CAMERA MAN. As most of you know, his name is RICK SHEARS. Rick is doing a fine job. There is only one thing that he doesn't like about the job and that is being woke up to take pictures.... Keep up the good work, Rick.

Merry Christmas to those who made their passes, and Merry Christmas to the staff from those who did not.

ecology action centre

The JUSUN Newsletter is published monthly
by the Centre, Forrest Building
Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S.

ELEVENTH

HEAVEN

by BLAIN GOULD

HAVE YOU EVER COME ACROSS THE type of person who'll go to any kind of bizarre lengths, even to the point of blaming an innocent bystander or someone who is unable to speak for themselves, for something that person did or should have done, regardless of how trivial the matter in question might be? You have? Well, you are not alone. So have I, and these types really bug me, since I am not like that. Nope, no Siree, not me.

The reason I mentioned this is because, not too long ago, I had the misfortune of encountering such a type. Remember in the last issue of the COMMUNICATOR there was a note written, supposedly by me, giving some sort of explanation as to why I was unable to give a unit report for this unit? You do? Good . . . because that scrawly, hand-written note was not written by me, nor did I dictate it to anyone. Nope, not me. It was written by me, nor did I dictate it to anyone. Nope, not me. It was written by that infamous hater of human ankles and kneecaps, Hooper. You remember Hooper; he is one of those pygmies I told you about earlier. Let me explain how the story got into the COMMUNICATOR in the first place.

On the day that I was to pass in the unit report I had written up, Hooper and I were in my drum smoking some of Columbia's finest when Itchy Mitchy Two Fingers came out from under the bed and asked me if I was willing to make a bet with him. The bet was that I couldn't fit into my middle desk drawer even with the top drawer pulled out. At first I was not willing to go along with the bet, that is until he called me a chicken and fourteen more pygmies raced out from every crevice in my cell and proceeded to start chewing at my legs, believing that since Itchy Mitchy Two Fingers had called me a chicken then I in reality must be an actual chicken. Well, considering that the stakes on

the bet were high (two pounds of sirloin) and coupled with the fact that I was starting to get the munchies and if I didn't go along with the bet I would probably be eaten alive by the fourteen stark raving mad, hungry pygmies, I decided to take him up on the bet.

Well, to make a long story short, I did manage to get into my drawer, but once I was in there I started to have difficulty in getting back out again. While I was trying to get out, the editor of this mag is standing up at the top of the range calling to me. I recognized his voice and assumed that he had come over for the unit report. I asked Hooper to take the report up to him and he said he would, and with that he left. Meanwhile, I am still struggling to get out of the drawer and Itchy Mitchy So and So is laughing his head off at me and making snide remarks in between stuffing his face with the roaches that Hooper and I had accumulated from our earlier toking.

When I saw the note that appeared where my well-versed article should have been in the COMMUNICATOR, I flipped out and went looking for Hooper for an explanation. At first, he denied writing the note. When I threatened him with the Springhill Water Torture Treatment, which is placing him upside down in the toilet bowl and then continuously flushing it, he confessed to writing the note because the original article did not mention his name. If he was to have stopped there I might have forgiven him, but when he tried to explain that his actions were brought on by an old, three-legged, four-eyed turtle who had put a Bohemian Curse on him I had my doubts as to the truth of his earlier statements, and that is what prompted me to write this article.

So, what is happening in NUMBER ELEVEN unit lately? you ask me. A lot . . . that is, if you should have the misfortune to be cursed with a tribe of pygmies.

AS I SEE IT



Prison Conjugal Visits Overdue

from THE GAZETTE
Montreal, June 20/80

A PILOT PROJECT NOW BEING PLANNED TO ALLOW CONJUGAL visits for some inmates in Canada's prisons is long overdue. If widely implemented, the scheme could not only make prisons themselves more humane but also ensure that prisoners, when finally released, are less likely to be badly adjusted misfits set to re-explode.

The pilot project could be in place by the yearend, says Correctional Commissioner Donald Yeomans. At a prison yet to be named, a mobile home or perhaps a small cottage within the prison perimeter would be available to long-term prisoners for two-day visits with their mates. Similar full-scale schemes work in some U.S. states and in countries like Mexico and Sweden.

Prisons shouldn't be holiday camps. But they needn't be soulless pits either, where sexual deprivation leads to everything from simple but cruel psychological distress to violent, homosexual gang rapes.

The sex-linked mental and physical horrors common in our prisons are not part of the sentences prescribed by the courts. Prisoners are required only to serve time; common humanity supports the plan.

But those inclined to accuse Mr. Yeomans of proposing to mollycoddle prisoners might reflect that society should benefit too. The prospect of such visits could be a powerful incentive for good behavior. Less frustrated prisoners mean calmer prisons; guards should feel safer from random attacks, as well as full-scale riots.

Furthermore, a prisoner who receives conjugal visits stands an improved chance of retaining meaningful family ties. Frustration and bitterness kept at least partly at bay this way, he or she may prove less likely to contribute to Canada's alarming recidivism statistics.

A survey last year uncovered no strong opposition to the plan, a tribute to the maturity of the Canadian public. Can it be that the public is also mature enough to tolerate "conjugal" visits between prisoners and people to whom they are not married nor even linked by common law?

Couples sleeping together without benefit of clergy have long since ceased to be a phenomenon in Canada. Perhaps prisoners with girlfriends or boyfriends can be permitted to spend an occasional unharried night together in a prison too. ■



Reform Sentencing

The Gazette,
Montreal, June 11/80

SOLICITOR-GENERAL ROBERT KAPLAN wants to change the Criminal Code to encourage judges to order community service for many offenders instead of jail terms or fines.

The idea is far from new. But it was a good one when then-Justice Minister Rob Basford put it forward in 1977, and it remains valid today. The government should stop talking about it and act.

Although the Criminal Code does not specifically provide for community service orders, they are already being successfully issued by several of Canada's more creative judges. But most judges stick to the traditional sentences of fines, imprisonment or probation, and they need legislative encouragement to be more imaginative.

The country's prisons are bursting with offenders and their budgets are strained to the limits; effective and inexpensive alternatives to incarceration are overdue.

Imprisonment is necessary for serious crimes in order to protect society. But it is unclear that prison sentences deter other criminals, or that they rehabilitate those who are imprisoned.

Debtors' prison was supposedly abolished years ago, but the country's prisons contain many impecunious offenders who, faced with the choice of imprisonment or a fine, had to choose jail.

For most non-violent crimes, and even those involving minor physical altercations, the individual involved poses no apparent threat to society. Requiring the offender to contribute several hours of free labor to the community instead of paying a fine or serving a jail term would be of much greater benefit both to society and to the person sentenced.

Ninety per cent of prison sentences in Canada are for less than three months, and many of the offenders involved could better pay their debt to society by cleaning a city park or setting up an ice rink than by serving time behind bars.

In the continuing search for ways to punish, deter and where possible, rehabilitate criminals, public service looks like a significantly less expensive and at the very least an equally efficient solution.

Obligatory community service would frequently be a more humane, more effective and less costly means of dealing with criminal offenders. The federal government should move quickly to make the necessary amendments. ■

Someone once said, "Live fast and die young."
Well, I've lived fast and I ain't dead yet.
And I'm here to tell ya the song ain't been sung
That'll ever make this convict's eyes wet.

You call me hardcore and you're goddamn right
Cause I'll never fit your mold
I'll never say, "Yes Sir." I won't be polite.
Don't care if I never grow old.

You bureaucrat bastards are having your day
But my day is coming around,
And when that day comes you're all gonna pay
And I'll laugh when you're all in the ground.

But until my turn comes I'll laugh at the pain
And all that you're putting me through,
And my personal creed will always remain:
"I'm gonna be me -- F___!!"

Anonymous

Torture Used At Dorchester?

AMHERST DAILY NEWS

DORCHESTER, N.B. (CP) — A letter containing the signatures of 38 prisoners alleges that authorities at the Dorchester federal penitentiary were carrying out beatings and mental harassment before this month's fatal hostage-taking incident.

The letter, dated before the hostage-taking incident that ended with the death of guard William Morrison Oct. 10, arrived at the CBC Tuesday night.

The writer says the letter had to be smuggled out of the prison.

He tells of beatings, guards banging steel bars in the middle of the night to harass sleeping prisoners and guards spitting on the prisoners' beds, family photos and desks.

He accuses the prison administration of "psychological torture by playing mind games" and says the prisoners protested this kind of action "by smashing cells, ranges, and gyms."

"Inmates are being pushed down stairs handcuffed behind their backs, beaten with night sticks and teargassed for no logical reason.

"One inmate was taken to the hole. He was beaten with nightsticks, gassed and put in shackles, handcuffed with body cuffs so that there was no way he could move his hands or feet for three or four days.

"He had to urinate in his pants. The only way he could eat was to put his face head-first in his tray. And you can imagine how most uncomfortable it would be to sleep."

REFUSED REQUEST

"The guards refused his request to have them removed, and there is no logical reason for this when the man is locked in his cell."

"He finally broke the handcuffs somehow. The guards put another pair on him and again beat him and gassed him."

"The guy in the next cell pleaded for the guards to stop beating him. They then gassed and beat him. They told him he should learn to mind his own business.

"The guards took one inmate out of his cell in segregation at 2 A.M. stripped him down to nothing, put handcuffs on him behind his back, took him outside his cell and told him to lay flat on the cold cement floor while guards spent an hour rampaging his cell just for harassment, all the time laughing and joking about this."

"About two weeks ago (before the letter was written) there was an escape over the wall one night.

"After the escape there was an isolated incident in the B7 cell block of the prison in which inmates refused to return to their cells.

"The story goes like this: Two inmates went over the wall by rope and hook directly under the tower in the main yard. The escape was not discovered until a patrol car, making its usual rounds of the grounds saw the rope hanging from the wall.

"At that time they called for everyone to return to their cells. When they came to A3 range in B7 the inmates refused to do so because they were not told why and thought it was just another head game being played by the administration.

PRISONERS' RELATIVES

"After a few hours they called in the goon squad, by which inmates were gassed and beaten with nightsticks. They (the prisoners) then retaliated by smashing cells and the t.v. at the end of the range.

"Not one inmate knew of the escape until the next day or late that night, when rumors spread around. The next day, the administration put out a press release stating the isolated incident in B7 cell block was a diversion for the escape."

The letter says the news release was incorrect and was put out by the administration to cover themselves because it would not look good for the public to know that an escape took place directly under a tower manned by a guard. It alleges that the guard must have been sleeping. 1

Springhill Foto Shoppe

supports the

Canadian Association
for the Mentally Retarded
57 Main Street,
Springhill, Nova Scotia B0M 1X0

Is There Anybody Out There?

IN APRIL THE PENITENTIARY IN NEW Westminster, British Columbia held an Open House tour for the Public. The newspaper stated that 6,000 people had passed through the gates. Six thousand people on the first day. Where were those 6,000 people on "Prison Justice Day" last August 10th and the years before?

I can vividly remember lying alone — frustrated, feeling hopeless and forgotten in Solitary Confinement in B.C. Pen. Hearing footsteps outside my steel door, I got up to peer through the screen in my door to see what the commotion was. I observed approximately eight civilians staring in at me as if I were some strange primitive creature. All I could think to say at the time was "Nice to meet you people. Next time you come by could you bring us some peanuts."

I was bitter and twisted at the sheer ignorance of it all, but at the same time I realized that these people represented 80 per cent of all society. They had never been left alone, shackled and handcuffed, gassed and beaten. They had never experienced complete boredom or suffered months of frustration, bitterness and aggravation and insane anger that time behind these walls does to human beings.

If just one out of every hundred of those persons who made the tour were to take the time to write or make an odd visit (even once a month) and show a bit of decency towards just one prisoner then perhaps prisons per se wouldn't become objects of amazement and fascination to be seen as museums or unfortunately but realistically, as

zoo's.

ROD CAMPHAUG
Archambault Penty.
Quebec

Originally published in
BULLDOZER "The only vehicle
for prison reform" P.O. Box
1817, BANCROFT, Ont. K0L 1C0

COMES A HUNTER

An elephant never forgets
Be careful desperate one,
Steer clear of the beast,
It remembers the gun.

Do you not recognize
The animal you shot,
Why can it remember
And you cannot?

See how it stares
When you pass by,
Do you not discern
The wisdom in its eye?

Stay clear, fool human,
Captor of the wild,
Your image in their eyes
Is destructive and vile.

© Ray Ferguson
Jackson, Michigan



Inmates Sue Over Prison Transfers

by George Brimmel
THE TORONTO SUN

OTTAWA — Eight convicts are suing the Canadian Penitentiary Service for moving them from prison to prison.

The cons, all of federal maximum security institutions, claim the authorities are transferring them without valid reasons, causing them mental anguish and strained family relationships.

Montreal lawyer Claude Lanctot, representing the prisoners, said some of the men have been shuttled from one prison to another every three months. He said each inmate is suing for \$250 a day for the five month period Feb. 16 to July 16.

Lanctot said the prisoners "are being transferred by the flip of a coin...the prisons they go to are being chosen at random with no valid reason given."

One of the eight, a convicted murderer, was moved five times in six months, from Millhaven, to Sasketchewan, to Dorchester, N.B. to Archambault, near Montreal, and finally to Laval also near Montreal.

The convict said in a letter most of those moved "were not charged with any disciplinary misconduct. Yet the transfer resulted in severe punishment...an extreme measure that was unwarranted." He added that prisoners who refuse to go are sometimes persuaded at gunpoint and by snarling German shepherds.

A former inmate now living in Ottawa and corresponding with some of the inmates involved said the transfers also cause delays in appeals. He added that in many cases, the wives of the convicts are on welfare and cannot afford the fare to visit distant institutions.

Dennis Finlay, a former spokesman for the corrections service, said the "service has a mandate to house these inmates and we try, as much as possible, to keep them in institutions close to their families so they can receive visits."

But he said that for a variety of reasons, including security, it is sometimes necessary to transfer the convicts to other prisons. ■

Act To End Prison Chaos

THE LONDON OBSERVER

'...WE MUST ENSURE THAT PRISON is reserved for those whom we really need to contain in custody...'

'...It should be possible to bring about a significant reduction in the general level of sentences. The case for shorter custodial sentences has been increasingly widely canvassed and accepted. The government supports this case...'

So the home secretary and his officials have said on three separate occasions during the past three months. This chorus of concessions is sung in regular harmony with the regular cries 'crisis' made by those who monitor the rising pressure in our prison system, now holding a population nudging 45,000 and entering the long hot summer.

Last week two reports—a feeble Home Office White Paper and recommendations from an all-party group of MPs—sang the tune again. Have Mr. Whitelaw and his timid advisers been ready to move an inch to realize their own declared aims? They have not.

They claim they cannot interfere

with judges' independence to sentence as they choose; that if remission or parole was increased, the judges would cancel such cheeky executive indulgence by lengthening sentences in proportion. Mr. Whitelaw also appears to be frightened of the vengeful imprisoning instincts of his own voters. He should remember his manifesto: 'Long prison terms are not always the best deterrent.'

He should act decisively to demolish these difficulties. The job should be given priority above anything else likely to divert civil service energies: the prison building programme, for example. Judges have constitutional independence, but they are not sacred. They are open to persuasion and should be told that present sentencing policy is driving the jail system to catastrophe.

This persuasion should stop being polite, general and occasional, and become direct, explicit and frequent. And it should go on until it shows results.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Shades of the MacGuigan Report to the House of Commons....■



FILE THIRTEEN

Captive Audience Lets Ziemba Speak

(Toronto Sun, June 5, 1980)

MPP Ed Ziemba IS A HARD MAN TO IGNORE, even when he's serving an indefinite sentence of ostracism in the legislature.

Correctional Services Minister GORDON WALKER discovered that yesterday.

Ziemba (NDP -- High Park-Swansea) was one of four opposition members who accompanied Walker on a tour of the Burtch Correctional Centre in Brantford. While Walker was hoping to show off the beginnings of his prison self-sufficiency program, Ziemba played the gadfly.

The NDP prison critic bantered with young convicts, denounced the fact they were not in group homes in the community, and hectoring the tough-talking Walker for being "a pussycat."

On Monday, Ziemba was told he will not be "seen" in the legislature by the Speaker until he withdraws a statement he made about two Tory MPPs.

Yesterday, he observed as Walker told reporters that six million meals a year are served in the province's 52 prisons.

Eventually 200 acres of corn, winter wheat, straw, potatoes and vegetables will be under cultivation at the minimum security facility which houses 252 inmates.

HOLIDAY INN WOULD COST LESS

Hundreds of pigs and chickens and a cannery will help feed prisoners all through the system and at hospitals, Walker said.

Ziemba had different ideas: The convicts "could all be living in group homes, paying their debt to society, paying their own way, holding real jobs instead of these phoney make-work projects."

Ziemba had spoken to several groups of prisoners, introducing Walker as "your chief jailer" to one.

"It costs \$60 a day to keep you here," Ziemba told them. "We could put you up at the Holiday Inn for \$41. Which would you prefer?"

"Holiday Inn!" came the quick response.

"But you wouldn't have educational or medical care," interjected prison superintendent John McClair.

"Yeah, but we'd have women," a young con replied. ■

Advisory Committee Says, "No Patsies For Institution"

by KEN MAHER
Amherst Daily News

SPRINGHILL — THE CITIZEN'S GROUPS associated with federal prisons in the Atlantic region won't be satisfied to act as public relations outlets for the prison administration.

That was one of the stands taken at a CITIZEN'S ADVISORY COMMITTEE (C.A.C.) workshop here for CAC's attached to the federal institutions in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The CAC for Dorchester institution was not represented.

Citizens' Advisory Committees for Springhill, Westmorland and Halifax's Carlton Centre met for the first time Tuesday to review their role in the Correctional Service of Canada (CSC) to represent the Atlantic region in dealings with the Commissioner of Corrections.

In a wide-ranging discussion, CAC members rejected the notion that the committees would serve, in the words of one member "as the pawns of the administration."

Citizens' Advisory Committees were created, under a directive from the Commissioner of Corrections, to act as a liaison between the institution, the community and the inmates. The directive refers to the promotion of "public awareness and participation in the affairs of the Service."

The Regional Executive Officer of the CSC, Claude Dumaine of Moncton, admitted in an interview that advisory committees were started with the idea of "defending the Service," and that the CSC had traditionally kept CACs "at arm's length" to protect the secrecy of its operations.

While it is easy to use "an Official Secrets Act posture" to defend that secretiveness Dumaine said the prison administration now sees the need to "take steps to explain ourselves."

The prison officials and CAC members also discussed possibilities for involvement by CACs in prison disturbances, access to internal inquiries into such disturbances, and the CAC's role in other aspects of the corrections system.

Though there were some reservations about the role of an informal regional committee of CACs, Springhill CAC chairperson Gwen Mason will be picking up some information on the proposal when she meets with other CAC members from across Canada at the national CAC conference in Ottawa in early October. The other four regions of the Correctional Service — Mountain, Prairie, Ontario and Quebec — have regional organizations.

Also at the day-long workshop at the Springhill Knights of Columbus Hall were Lou McGinn, acting regional manager for offender programs, with the CSC regional office in Moncton; the directors of the Springhill Institution, Westmorland Institution and Carlton Centre residence, and assistant wardens of Springhill Institution.

Besides hashing out the terms of their existence, CAC members also toured the medium security prison at Springhill, and viewed the display Prison Arts 80, a travelling exhibition of award-winning art work by prisoners in Canadian federal institutions. 1



NATIONAL
Specialty
COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA
B4H 4B8

WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

GIFTWARE
LIGHTERS
RINGS
JEWELLERY
CAMERAS
APPLIANCES
RADIOS
TROPHIES
SPORTING GOODS
DECORATIONS

Group Join Ex-Convicts In Rehabilitation Battle

by Kevin Marron
Special to the Globe and Mail

HAMILTON — At 29 years of age Norman Gallant has spent most of his adult life behind bars. For 10 years he has had to defend himself physically against other penitentiary inmates in a society where if you don't respond violently to a threat or an insult "you'd better go back to your cell and stay there for the rest of your time."

DECISIONS MADE

Living in an environment where one is told when to eat, sleep and get up, Mr. Gallant has had to make few decisions in his life. His work experience for 10 years was limited to a few hours a day sewing mail bags, making shoes "that you couldn't even sell on the street," washing floors and shining bars with emery paper.

When he was released on parole 20 months ago he was bitter, paranoid, withdrawn and potentially violent. He was determined to go straight but he had returned to prison three times already and never survived more than 60 days on the street so he knew it was not going to be easy.

"When you come out of prison they tell you you've done your time. You've paid for your crime and now you're free but it ain't like that. You've been in prison and you can't erase it.

"At first the most important thing on your mind is that you're free. You want to party and drink and you want a woman and then it hits you — and that's the shocker — that you're going to have to relate to people."

Mr. Gallant now has a job, working in a group home for disturbed adolescents whom he hopes to help steer away from the route he followed from a disadvantaged upbringing through training schools to prison.

With the help of a community-run halfway house without which he believes he would be in a prison cell today.

'CRUTCH' HELPED

Trevor Moore, 23, is another former resident of the halfway house which was run by the Astra Society. After a five-year sentence at Mill-

haven for crimes which included armed robbery, Mr. Moore is now the assistant manager of a variety store.

"Five years ago I was a punk. I thought I was somebody but I wasn't."

Now Mr. Moore is determined to be somebody in the business world. He described the Astra House as a crutch that helped him to make this transition.

A few weeks ago these two men and many in similar circumstances nearly lost this crutch. The Astra House, which was struggling on a break-even budget, was to have closed because of lack of funds. It has now been taken over by the St. Leonard's Society, which is appealing for public financial contributions toward its cost.

In 1978 it cost \$33,000 to keep one man in a penitentiary while it cost \$7,800 to keep a man in the Astra House.

NOT GLAMOR CAUSE

"Corrections is not a glamor cause. It doesn't pull at the heart strings. The average man in the street is not interested and he should be because what it's costing in taxes is just outrageous," said Jim Hart, of Alternatives for Youth, a community organization which last year helped more than 200 ex-inmates with a staff of three.

Six local voluntary organizations involved in helping ex-convicts have joined to promote community awareness of their cause.

Crime takes place in the community. Its social origins are here, Mr. Hart explains.

"But society's solution is to ship the criminals out of town."

Ninety-nine per cent of the prisoners ultimately return to the community and their prison experience has made them "so programmed they can't make any decisions. They are not responsible for anything. That's the product they turn out on the streets. Just a little bit worse than when they went in."

NON-VIOLENT CRIME

Charles Henderson of the John Howard Society says most of his clients are social losers who were imprison-

ed for non-violent crimes. Just over 1 per cent of the criminal charges laid in Canada in 1977 were classified as violent crimes and of those nearly 80 per cent were robberies which do not usually involve actual violence to persons.

"We play the game of rehabilitation but was the individual ever given the opportunity to habilitate in the first place? We are not talking about a lot of winners in jail. A hell of a lot of guys went in uneducated, untrained, owing rent and after a suspension of that dreadful social state, come out uneducated, with no options and still owing rent."

Prisoners live in an exclusive environment with its own language and life style and minimal input from the outside, Mr. Henderson says.

GETTING FRUSTRATED

"So when a guy comes out, what is there to talk to you about? Who is

there to talk to? The question then is where the action is. He's getting frustrated and he's got to rap with someone."

If it's not the John Howard Society or a similar organization, it's a hotel where he meets people who are planning crimes or gets into a fight.

Both Mr. Gallant and Mr. Moore say they don't feel society owes them anything and they don't need any favors but they want people to listen and give them a fair chance.

"You've been living in very bad conditions with 400 men for a few years in a place that kills a lot of people. You know you've made a mistake and you're trying to do better. But you can't do it in two weeks or two months. You should give a guy a chance. You just can't give up on them. You have to be patient and listen," Mr. Gallant said. 2

IN THE PARKING LOT

I smash my hand against the concrete wall,
Breaking my knuckles and wrist to deprive
Murder of the means to hit him again. I appall
Everyone who will not make the slightest move
To help him out, these souls who disapprove
Of violence so much they stand in thrall
Like puzzled sheep, or glare like impotence,
Until a shame much crueller than remorse
Wells up within me even drunk, and innocence
I see is no one they'll defend by force,
and holding out my left good hand to him, I nurse
The temper that must down the eisel of offense;
And ask him if he will forgive me just to show
The rest of them what he and I already know.

© Patrick White

With permission of POETRY TORONTO NEWSLETTER
where it first appeared in May 1978 Vol. 29

GOGAN'S

Paper Products

Beverages

Confections

Phone 597-3703 Springhill N.S.

WHOLESALE LTD.

Ottawa Allows Conjugal Visits At Five Prisons

THE TORONTO STAR

OTTAWA (CP)—The Federal Government will install mobile homes and cottages on the grounds of five federal penitentiaries so that prisoners can sleep with their wives.

The plan, details of which were announced yesterday by Solicitor-General Bob Kaplan, will allow married prisoners and those with established relationships outside marriage to spend two days with their parents.

Kaplan stressed that the family visiting program will be in place permanently, not as a pilot project. He said additional prisons will be added as quickly as possible.

The program's objective is to help prisoners keep their families together. Participants will be encouraged to include their children in their visits.

The visits will be restricted, at least in the early part of the program, to offenders with little

or no chance for day parole or temporary absence permits, Kaplan said.

NO GUARDS

There will be no guards supervising the families.

The program will likely be set up first, in December, at Millhaven maximum-security penitentiary near Kingston, where facilities are among the most advanced in the country.

The other maximum-security institutions chosen for the project are Dorchester, N.B., Archambault in Ste. Anne des Plaines, Que., and Kent Institution in Agassiz, B.C. One medium-security prison — Stoney Mountain — in Stony Mountain, Man. — will also be involved.

The program will be extended to the Prison for Women later.

Similar visiting rights already exist at provincial prisons in Saskatchewan and four U.S. states. ■

*When a trout rising to a fly gets hooked
and finds himself unable to swim about freely,
he begins a fight which results in struggles
and splashes and sometimes an escape . . .
In the same way, the human being struggles
with the hooks that catch him. Sometimes he
masters his difficulties; sometimes they are
too much for him. His struggles are all the
world sees, and it usually misunderstands them.
It is hard for a free fish to understand what
is happening to a hooked one.*

submitted by Al Burnett

*- the human mind
(Knopf)*



**atlantic
wholesalers**

"serving the Maritimes"
grocery distributors to the independent retail trade

**Head Office
Sackville, N.B.**

Only One Out Of 600 Offenders Put In Jail'

from THE CANADIAN PRESS

OTTAWA — The cost of the federal fight against crime will top \$1-billion this year but "only one offender in 600 is ever jailed," Solicitor-General Bob Kaplan says.

Kaplan told the Commons justice committee yesterday that only one out of every five offenders is ever caught by police, only one out of 20 are ever convicted and even fewer are sentenced to prison terms.

Property crime has doubled in the last 12 years while violent crime is up 50 per cent since 1968—although only one crime in 40 involves violence and most of these are minor assaults that do not require medical attention.

Meanwhile, the justice department's budget has passed the \$1-billion mark — twice what it was in 1960 "even after discounting for inflation and population growth."

A study prepared by Kaplan's department said the average Canadian family is taxed \$365 a year for criminal justice spending by all levels of government. Of this, \$240 is spent on police, \$6 on criminal legal aid and \$1 on compensation to victims. The rest is spent on courts, prisons and administration.

VICTIMS EXPRESS REGRET

"While the public perceives the police in general to be competent, it does not perceive them as being equally efficient in solving specific crimes," the study indicates.

"This is particularly true of victims. Victims often express regret in retrospect for having called the police because of the time and inconvenience in the prosecution of their case."

Kaplan told the committee that with governments strapped for money, the emphasis now will be on getting more justice for less money.

He said rapidly escalating costs have already been responsible for reforms in the criminal justice system.

These include a trend to use the justice system only as a last resort and a greater emphasis on preventive policing.

But more reform is needed because there are still areas of the system that aren't just or humane, he said.

The justice budget for the 1980-81 fiscal year includes a \$737-million bill for the RCMP, of which \$121-million will be paid for by the provinces and \$57-million by municipalities using Mounties as police. There now are 17,000 Mounties and 3,000 public servants on the RCMP payroll.

The federal prison system will cost \$426-million and the National Parole Board will cost \$9.0-million.

It costs \$1,900 a year to supervise a person on parole but \$28,900 a year to keep the same person in prison.

Parole rates have been falling in the last 10 years as the federal prison population, now about 10,000 has been rising.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If the federal budget for prisons is \$426-million for the year, and there are about 10,000 prisoners in those institutions, how come it doesn't cost \$42,600 to keep a prisoner for a year? Is the figure the Solicitor-General comes up with anything like the New Math the parole board used to work on us? I can still recall when ten years in a Canadian penitentiary could mean fifteen....

CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIP-

GOT A BUSINESS, HOBBY OR OTHER INTEREST AREA THAT YOU WANT
THE LATEST PUBLISHED INFORMATION ON? REASONABLE RATES.

CLIPPITY-CLIP

A Clipping Service

Box 6248, Postal Station A,
TORONTO, Ontario M5W 1P6

CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-CLIPPITY-CLIP-



To Front Lines

By Gary Livingston,
Ombudsman

I'M SITTING ON THE FORENSIC UNIT AT CREEDMOOR PSYCHIATRIC CENTER, where all the "criminally insane" patients in the hospital are held. As Ombudsman for the center's 1,500 patients, I must try to visit all the buildings and wards on the same kind of regular basis, try to monitor and improve conditions, alleviate complaints and build bridges with staff and administration; It's a vast job, and I tend to spend more time where the need is greatest—on so-called back wards where the neglect and stigmatization of patients seems a notch more than "normal."

It's hard to believe that these forensic patients are supposed to be the most feared of offenders; the ward is quiet, patients reading or watching television to the cadence of a Ping-Pong game, the occasional outburst coming from the same hopeless few and quickly quelled by a beleaguered staff. Not entirely unlike what I experienced as a "criminally insane" patient 15 years ago at California's Atascadero State Hospital, only Atascadero was perhaps slightly better in that it was a total maximum-security institution, and all patients theoretically had access to a yard, gym and auditorium. Since the Creedmoor Forensic Unit is on the grounds of a minimum-security facility, staff is not always sufficient to assure escorts to various activities, and many patients languish on the ward for months on end.

A patient comes over carrying a large envelope. He extracts a news clipping and hands it to me. "Here, did you see this?" The headline blazes: VIOLENT INMATES FOOTLOOSE AT CREEDMOOR. The article is about a recent escape from the unit. "This stuff is killing us. All those guys wanted was to have a drink. Can't you do something about our image?"

I smile. "Like what? EX-VIOLENT EX-INMATE FOOTLOOSE AT CREEDMOOR? You know how they feel about us..."

How ironic that I should ever be asked to improve anybody's image. Only 15 years ago I committed an act that violated all taboos and boded lifelong rejection no matter how hard I tried to turn things around: I shot my parents. Several years later, despite dire warnings by institutional psychiatrists that I was "still dangerous" and bent on finishing the job, my parents mustered the courage to maintain their faith in the changes they saw in me, and help get me out. We've been best of friends ever since, but somehow that happy outcome has always taken a back seat to the initial tragedy in the eyes of any number of beholders.

When Creedmoor became the first mental hospital in the state, and possibly in the country, to open an ombudsman position last year, I was employed elsewhere as a typist, and given to gnashing the teeth frequently over the frustration of being an ex-mental patient and writer with a great deal of insight who could only find irrelevant jobs. In fact, I'd gone through similar difficulties for many years, and often wondered if the only way to gain recognition for all my good work was by doing something grossly wrong. Nothing like an outrageous act to stimulate sales on my twice published book (EXILE'S END, Sagarin Press, 1976) and bring attention to my benevolent ideals. But the ceaseless support of my parents encouraged me to take a more rewarding path—acknowledging the difficulties, staying patient and, finally, cashing in my unrecognized dreams for three years' life-experience credit towards a degree in psychology at Empire State College. In the process, I not only learned that violence could indeed be the other side of creativity's coin, but met the people who knew that Creedmoor was looking

for someone just like me, and for good reason: Who else could cut through both the patients' and the hospital's "delusions" better than an ex-patient?

Patients' delusions include the optimistic response to my case that, "And then one day, you just got better?" It was difficult to dissuade this Admission's Unit newcomer from the notion that things simply improved in the course of time, and to convey the amount of sheer self-help and self-determination required to avoid a chronic fate. "It took a lot of work," I said, almost afraid of saying how much. "Sometimes, it took a conscious decision not to do the wrong thing. When I thought I was in trouble, I looked for help just like you're doing, but I always knew that I'd be lucky to find it in a clinic or hospital." I remember my own experience as a day-care patient a few years back at a city hospital, and how I kept telling the psychiatrist that my only problem was that I wanted his job, and he thought I showed "poor reality testing" for aspiring to such heights, even with a large body of acknowledged work under my belt.

Accordingly, the greatest barrier to humane and effective care at Creedmoor, as well as at most mental hospitals, has been an attitude that minimizes the sincerity and aspirations of patients.

This attitude towards mental patients is nothing new, nor is the belief that sometimes even the worst treatment is in the patients' best interests. It all goes back to the beginning of history, when misfits were simply stoned. Through the ages, there have been some truly bizarre "therapies" including torturous devices, frightful confinement and the legendary "ship of fools" which banished the mad to many strange but real ports.

There have certainly been some improvements over the years. In 1942, a New York State Governor's Special Commission Report recommended "that every case of schizophrenia entering a state hospital be given the insulin shock treatment"; in 1980, a patient's basic right to refuse, as well as to receive treatment is widely recognized, if not readily implemented.

As ombudsman, implementation of these rights is a primary, daily matter. While most staff are aware of the right to refuse treatment in non-emergency situations (where a patient is not overtly violent or disruptive), the tendency is to give "the needle" whenever prescribed medications are rejected, rather than say something like, "O.K., we'll give it a try." In turn, I try to handle treatment grievances on both the individual and staff levels, sitting in as mediator when patients wish to express refusals directly to their psychiatrists, and meanwhile circulating the latest court rulings on patients' rights to relevant staff. If these approaches still fail to secure valid requests, I turn to external agencies, such as the Mental Health Information Service (an on-grounds legal service initiated a few years ago), the American Civil Liberties Union and other advocacy and ex-patient groups to assure that this self-determination in aid of growth is applied as a meaningful tool.

Perhaps more poignant and pervasive than treatment refusals is the desire to receive a humane and individual therapy that might provide a measure of insight, wisdom and self-control. A common complaint is that after X-number of years, "I still don't know why I'm here or how I can get out." One forensic patient summed it up by saying, "You've got to be canonized to be released."

Since my own experience so closely parallels what patients are still reporting, I'm often in conflict with hospital administration—which nevertheless deserves great credit for allowing such conflict to be aired.

Following a lot of mutual back-patting at an administrative meeting over the "success" of recent reorganization and the sincere good intentions of most staff, I comment that, "It sounds great. The only trouble is, nothing's happening on the wards." While being neither administrator, therapist, aide nor patient, the ombudsman must somehow fill all those shoes, and add a voice to the validity of the patients' views.

Fifteen years ago, the main "therapies" at Atascadero were medication, television and menial work. Somehow, this was supposed to restore or establish the self-confidence necessary to function effectively, and while there's something to be said for such "medlocrity therapy" (it's certainly a good reason to seek alternatives to hospitalization), the fact remains that day after day, patients who somehow ended up in Creedmoor complain about the boredom, the lack of resources, education and meaningful vocational training. Patients close to having college degrees or who already have track records as artists and professors are compelled to enter "sheltered workshops," where they stuff plastic utensils into plastic bags, and most therapy still seems tailored to the "lowest common denominator."

I have more faith than most staff in the potential for self-help among patients, and give less weight to a medical model which often overlooks the

patient's basic need for dignity and a therapy sensitive to his or her needs. I'd like to see peer counseling groups given more encouragement on the wards, and patients given more access to their records so they might respond to reports which invariably find them at fault and ignore their side to any story. Above all, I'd like to see a pilot unit attempted which would be staffed by ex-patients, from unit chief on down, where patients would play a more active role in their development.

The importance of the patient's viewpoint is underscored by staff misdiagnosis and anxiety based on lopsided information. For instance, the psychologist on one unit called my attention to a "love triangle" which threatened to end in the murder of one of the members. Following that revelation, I joined the "triangle" for dinner, sharing the clinician's fears and monitoring the response. They laughed at the story, one of them insisting he hadn't been involved with the lady for years, and as all three seemed to be getting on fine before I arrived, there was little reason to suspect they were acting. A similar example involves a patient whose husband is also a patient on another ward. While staff insisted that the woman "no longer considers him her husband," the wife gave me one crucial message to deliver: "Tell him he's still my husband..."

Sometimes, the staff's version of the truth is at odds with the statements of non-patient relatives, as in the case of an outspoken patient believed to be under some kind of hypnotic paternal influence. "The father pulls all the strings," staff said, in stark contrast to my own conversation with the frustrated parent who felt that, "He always does the opposite of what I say. If he followed my advice, he'd sit in a corner and be quiet all day."

Bridging this communications gap is the most important thing an ombudsman can do, and sometimes, that gap is between ward staff and central administration. The most difficult and delicate situations I encounter involve either physical or verbal abuse of patients, and here my guiding philosophy is that change should come from within—because it is better, rather than mandated, to treat each other like human beings. I have seen staff pummel patients, and have seen the bruises and scars on staff pummeled by patients, but firmly believe that only a positive orientation can change negative conditions. Merely punishing abusive staff or patients who must co-exist under conditions of overwork, underpay, dehumanization and demeaning therapy can't change the defensive attitudes that stand in the way of real healing. I view the Ombudsman's role more as one of consciousness-raising rather than policing.

Perhaps my biggest conflict with Creedmoor is over current release and privilege policies that seem more designed to accommodate political pressure rather than honor any ideals or patient care. With every bad incident—even those that occur at other facilities—these policies get more restrictive, and a major source of anxiety and regression among patients has been a sense of being punished for the misdeeds of others. The situation is so severe on the Forensic Unit that the courts, rather than the psychiatrists, are seen as the only avenue to freedom, and it was necessary to bring in the ACLU to instill a little hope that some aspect of the system might somehow work—and the system here is failing in the same way it fails outside: If the best patients are blocked from advancement and release that have nothing to do with their individual merits, how can the next-best patients afford to have hope?

My own experiences since leaving Atascadero corroborates how the many barriers to achievement, regardless of individual merit, becomes the most pervasive factor in regression and mental breakdown. Any ward at Creedmoor is simply a mini-world reflecting the difficulties encountered during a "normal" lifetime of struggle for betterment. In this regard, it seems psychiatry's biggest problem is not seeing the forest for the trees. While professionals engage in endless (and usually futile) research that "discovers" countless species of insanity, and divides each into numerous variations, most patients I've spoken with would agree that being crazy basically amounts to giving up (or letting go) in the face of overwhelming blockage and frustration. "I had nowhere to turn...There was no way out" are the blunt perceptions of patients related to Dr. Malcolm Bowers, Jr. in Retreat From Sanity (Penguin, 1974), which identifies the "development impasse" as chief culprit in many breakdowns which seem to come "out of the blue" following a period of conflict and blockage.

Seen in this light, it should not be difficult for anyone to empathize with the circumstance of having a breakdown, yet most people are reluctant to relate their frustration over thwarted goals to the despair and hopelessness a patient might feel. I've tried to bridge this gap at the hospital by moderating individual and group rap sessions between patients and staff, but real empathy between such historically divided parties is always easier said than done.

Ultimately, the greatest benefit society might derive from a modification of current attitudes towards the Lost is nothing less than an understanding which would heal some of our deepest wounds. Ex-mental patients and offenders have always been a profoundly under-utilized resource in the effort to reduce madness and violence, though the well has always been easy to tap. 1

Brooklyn, N.Y. June 7, 1980

COMMITTEE NOTES: by GERRY BROWN Chairman, Inmate Committee

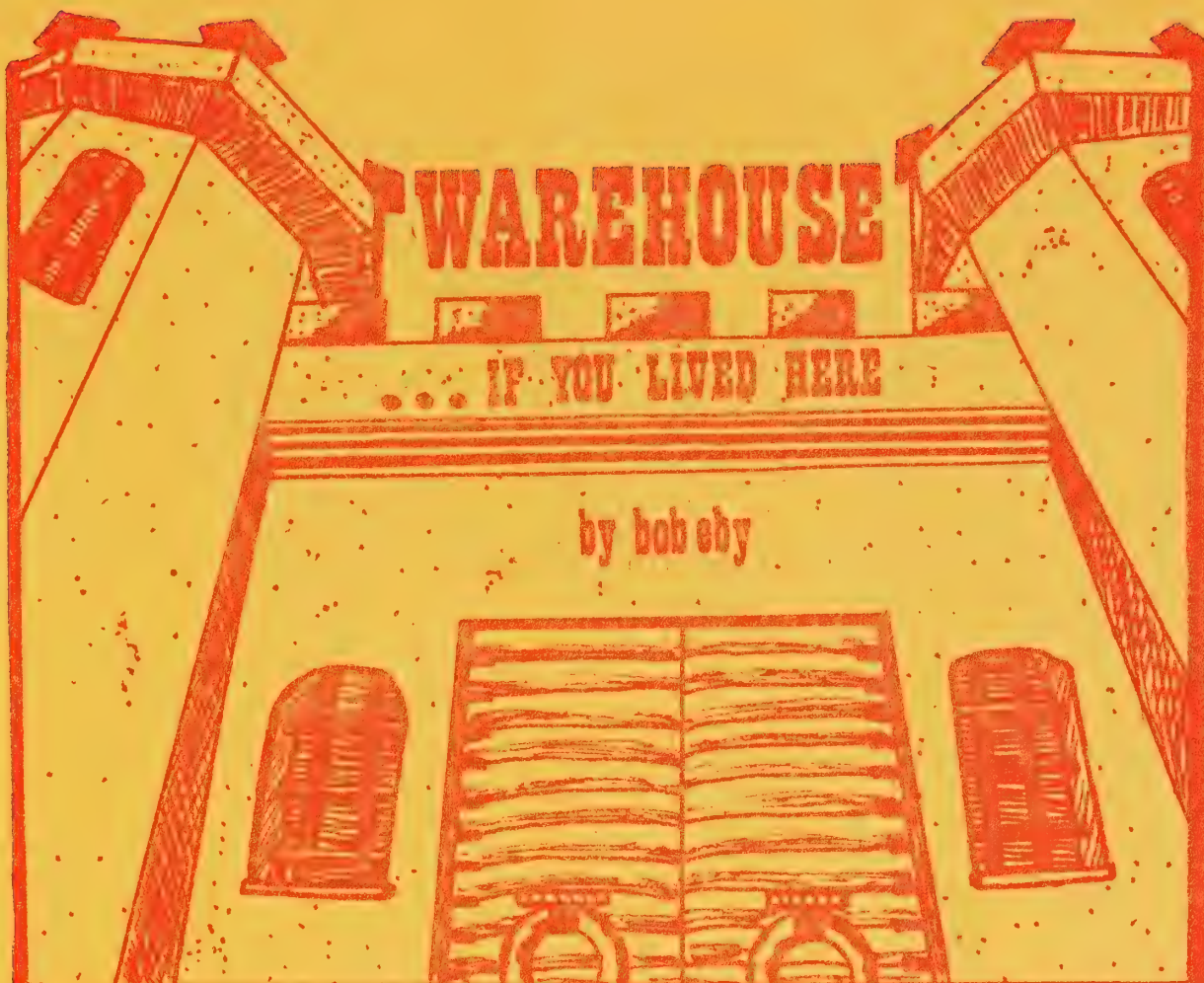
OVER THE LAST WHILE, THERE HAVE BEEN A LOT OF CHANGE-OVERS ON THE INMATE COMMITTEE which have resulted in there not being much order to the way things got done.

It would seem that we are now at a turning point. This turning point came about because some of the previous committee members set about putting together a constitution, something the warden encouraged. This document was to be something that would be aimed at protecting the rights and privileges of the inmate population, both from the prison administration and from a committee not working in the best interests of everyone. Because this document is so important, and because more guys have come to realize that if they want to have any say in what gets written into it, they are going to have to make their opinions known, they are going to have to get involved. Basically, that is what is now happening.

In order that a constitution that will be a good one can be put together, we have sent to Warkworth, Joyceville and Drumheller, asking for copies of their constitutions so that we can benefit from where they wrote in good ideas and learn from their mistakes. Once we get these copies, we will then recruit a group of five guys from each unit who, after having had a chance to consult their copies, will get together with the committee and we will get busy putting together a document the study group and committee agree with. After that has happened, we will then bring it to the population for their opinions, making changes where needed. The ratified document will then be circulated among the members of the Citizen's Advisory Committee and other interested parties, to gain their support for our constitution. After all this has happened, it will be presented to the administration for their consideration. In this way we will have a document that is something we believe in before having to debate with the administration over this point or that.

We believe very strongly that now is the time to develop a strong and healthy committee. One which can interpret and represent the inmate population's wishes both effectively and rationally. There are many issues that guys here feel strongly about that are not being heard by the right people in the right ways, and these items should be given the attention of any committee which claims to represent us. Some of these items are things like the weight pit. The weight pit is expected to provide space and equipment for upwards of eighty full-time lifters when it is really only able to handle somewhere around fifty. There needs to be further discussion with the proper authorities to find some way to accomodate the needs of this significantly large group. The selection of movies begs looking into, as does the fact that Number Ten unit has been the only unit to put on a sale to make money for their Unit Welfare Fund over the last year, when all units had the same chance. We are looking at the idea of the Inmate Committee running all the big money sales. Sales like Books and Tapes and Seasonal Cards should be the sole domain of the Inmate Committee, so we can raise money to spend for the benefit of the whole population. The units should be able to do sales but not the big money ones. Discussion is taking place to try to start up a prison newsletter, one like the RAP SHEET we had last year. It would come out every second Friday, keeping us up to date on what is going on around this institution. The COMMUNICATOR staff is ready to go when we give them the word. It has been suggested that a number of Standing Committees be put together to organize things like sales, musical events and recreational activities. One of these committees would act as a liaison between the population and the Recreation Staff, for instance.

As JIMMY MacDONALD said when arguing that certain things were being done wrongly: "Well, I'll tell you something... I'm glad this all happened, because it looks like something might get done now. Some of you guys might get off your asses...." Which is what this committee wants to stand for... we want to get off our asses and contribute to this being a better place to put our time in. We ask you to be a little patient over the next month or so, while we work at getting ourselves organized into a committed committee working for you. 1



WAREHOUSE: ...If You Lived Here will be seen in each issue. It is a fictional journal, a fantasy, reflective of the author's prison experiences in a maximum-security penitentiary. All names and events mentioned are historically fictional but poetically true, and will remain so protecting the guilty.

Little Extras

THE VISITING ROOM BACK IN '62 AT ANITOWN SAT JUST INSIDE THE NORTH GATE, up on the second floor, off to one side of the entrance to the prison. The building, like everything there, was constructed of grey limestone, not what you would use to create an atmosphere given to relaxation, flexibility and freedom of movement. When entering the room from the prisoners' side, you had to come through a barred gate the staff had to open. NO PASS... NO ADMITTANCE was the rule. Stepping through the grill brought you into a section of the room, divided off from the visitors' side by a wall of small, steel-framed, glass windows. The bottom half of the wall rose from the floor to desk height, at which level there was a flat-topped shelf you sat in front of and were expected to keep your hands under. The shelf was about three feet wide and formed a natural obstacle, keeping you away from the glass partition between you and your visit. The other side of the barrier was the same. About three feet above the table top, six inches higher than eye level, one of the panes of glass had been removed in front of where each chair sat and had been replaced with a fine-mesh steel screen. This was where you had to speak through. The catch to this was that you were not allowed to stand in front of your spot at the shelf and speak directly through the screen; you had to remain seated, which is just another way of saying that if you wanted your visit to hear you and be heard, you both had to holler back and forth.

We used to get one hour per month in those days. My Lady travelled from Toronto, 153 miles away, twice a month, figuring that if she showed up twice, each time for the legal half-hour limit, she would be able to get an extra ten minutes each time, meaning we would get twenty extra minutes visiting time each month. Looking at it this way, she had it figured that we were getting four extra hours per year.

As often as not, when I got called up for a visit I would have to steel myself for what was quickly becoming an ordeal. Walking into the visiting room was like stepping into the waiting room of a bus terminal... there were welfare-mothers, shabbily dressed, with two or three youngsters in tow, the kids running every which way, climbing over everything in sight, screaming, seemingly oblivious of the fact that the man behind the glass with the oddly strained expression talking to "Mommy" is their father, his eyes full of the panic that goes with knowing that you are not being understood, that your words do not explain what it is that is in your heart, that there is no way you can share in her pain or she in yours, because they are part of yours and you theirs. Without them to miss and long for and worry after, there would be less pain, less reason to face the conflict which exists when a man wants to tell the world to suck but can't because he has made hard-to-keep commitments to others who are as dependent upon him as he is upon their dependence, with the System hovering, always keeping everything ordered, controlled, in place.

There would be near-woman young girls, some clean and fresh, their eyes alive with the glow of youth and loving a youngster with enough spunk to rear up and break the rules, somehow instilling in him a magic vulnerability in the hearts of young girls. But, there were always others, their plastic-resin-sprayed hair piled high on their heads, sharp edges pointing this way and that; wearing twin peaked sweaters, packed and upturned for easy access — but "don't touch!" until after the liquor has given its wet excuse; with precision packed skirts proving the "taint" is just a figure of speech and that too many women are both; balanced on spike-like stilts, rounding calves and putting dimples in silk-encased buns meant for bending; their bright red paint-smeared lips perpetually fluttering like acid-bent butterflies trapped in a bottle, saying nothing, meaning nothing, and worth nothing. "I come to see ya 'cause I wuz thinkin' 'boutcha, wonderin' when ya wuz comin' out... thinkin' maybe you'd let me write cha and come see ya once ina while."

There was almost always an older woman or two, with purple hair and painted, course faces, mothers come to see if their sons were still boys, or come to look at what their bodies and minds had created... more often than not, either taking all the blame or none, or never having such notions cross their minds. Their voices often shrill and afraid, words like "mature and sensible and responsibilities and decent and betters" rolling off their lips like codified bits of information, fodder for the programmed.

More often than not, when I stepped into the room the blood would surge up into my mouth, a hot rush pressing against the backs of my eyes, squeezing my teeth into a clenched searing of all but the harshest of judgements, leaving no room for the kind of patience and understanding needed to convert this kind of experience into an opportunity to grow closer to another human being, an opportunity to be used to rally around the strengths that come from facing a mutual adversary, something to be overcome together. Instead, what happened was that I came into the visiting area too many times and found my Lady surrounded by staff. They would be over in the far corner of the room, where the admittance desk stood, and her laughter would be wafting over the din of the crowded roomful of visitors. Her rust-red hair surrounded by the balding and brush-cut heads of the Visits and Correspondence staff had an obscene look to it for me, and I imagined her emerald-green eyes lifted in gratitude for the attentions being given. The last time, when she came over to the chair in front of where I was standing on the far side of the glass, one of the bulls walked over alongside her, pulling the chair out for her, ready to slide it back under her as she was about to sit down. I stopped them both, cold, with...

"Hey, SCREW! Hit it... Get outta my face, Asshole. You just go and take care of your business and never mind sucking around my visitors!" His face turned crimson and he left without saying anything and without finishing the chair-holding bit.

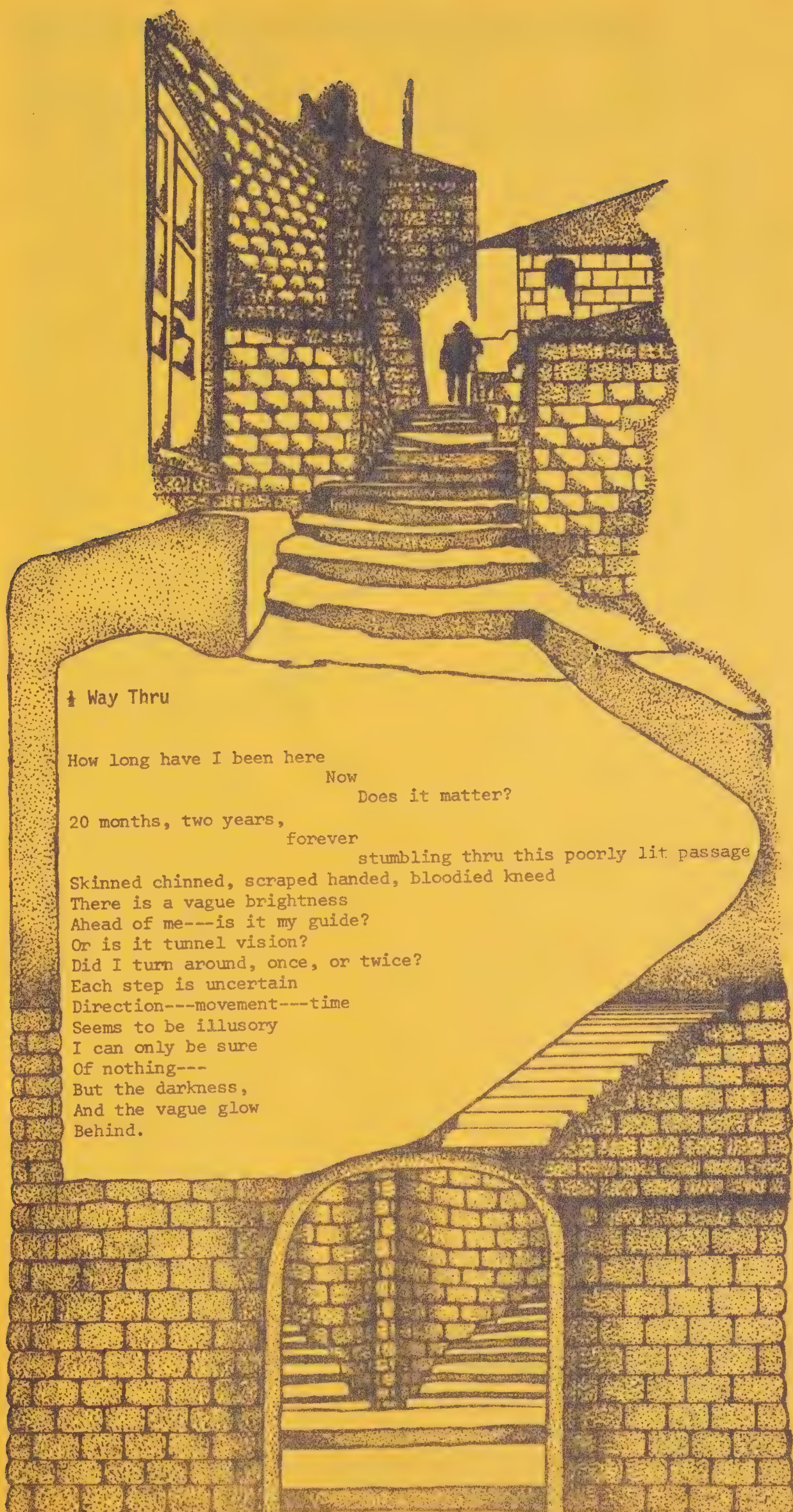
My Lady stood, startled, a look of amazement and shock on her face. "Jesse! What's the matter with you? He was only trying to help... he was only being nice...."

"Screw that being nice shit! What are you doing talking to those assholes? What are you sucking up to them for?"

"But, Jesse, I have to to get us the extra time we get... I don't like them any more than you do... but, we need the extra time. Oh, God, Jesse, don't be like this... don't be so hard on me, on us... we need the extra time...."

"I don't need anything from them that bad! It's just not worth it... nothing is."

I never saw her again.



† Way Thru

How long have I been here

Now

Does it matter?

20 months, two years,

forever

stumbling thru this poorly lit passage

Skinned chinned, scraped handed, bloodied kneed

There is a vague brightness

Ahead of me---is it my guide?

Or is it tunnel vision?

Did I turn around, once, or twice?

Each step is uncertain

Direction---movement---time

Seems to be illusory

I can only be sure

Of nothing---

But the darkness,

And the vague glow

Behind.

The Set-Back

It's a bitch
To be popular
To be in demand,
Wanted like a poster.
The parole board
Enjoyed my company
So much
That they presented me
With a year long extension
On the lease of my room.
What nice guys,
Regular Jolly Rogers'.
Such an offer
They knew I couldn't refuse,
And although it wasn't
Much of a surprise
It was considerate of them
To celebrate my birthday
The way they did.



Penitentiary Flashlights

The guards finger
The heads of schizophrenic flashlights
That sit on hips in holsters,
That reach half-way down their thighs,
That double as clubs.

Flashlights are the only item
In their uniform
That is not regulated.
The choice of size, weight, and make
Is left to the individual.

Like shoes
Flashlights reflect personality.
There are gun metal black
Paramilitary flashlights,
As sleek headed as Doberman pincers

And (among others)
Red-neck construction worker
Chrome flashlights,
As large mouthed
As Mastiffs.

Flashlights are symbols
Both conscious and unconscious
That reveal more about their owners
Than they would ever
Admit.



It's with a bizarre humor
That the captured killer
 Whale
Contained within the limited water
Of his prison pool,
Forgets he's tame
 And forgets his place
In the routine of imposed domesticity
And turns on the trainer
Who has come to feed
 His prized pet
 Dead fish.
The crowd of spectators
 Gasp hushes
 Then screams
Exhaling the terrible air of horror
As they watch the killer
 Whale
Return to his instinct
 To be free:
While refusing commands
To do anymore tricks,
He begins to bounce the bewildered trainer
Like a basketball
 Up
 &
 Down
 Off the bottom
Of the concrete and steel tank floor.
It's the only way the whale can show
The trainer, the paying public, and the world
That it isn't profitable
To keep beings locked-up
 Forever.

DOUBLE STANDARDS

(I)

with my father
it was the purple gas incident.
the RCMP appearing
unexpectedly
in town,
checking our car
and finding purple gas,
and my father protesting
in impeccable shock
he hadn't put it there
— the oldest son, perhaps,
not him —
the officer, impressed
with his indignation,
letting-him-off-this-time.
and later, my father,
laughing,
telling the story,
and I learn
that he lied,
learn for the first time
about duplicity,
about the relativity
of absolutes.



(II)

with my brother
it was the fencer
the machine
that sent electric current
pulsing through
the barbed wire fences,
"it doesn't hurt," he said,
laid my trusting hand
between the barbs,
and the shock thrust itself
up my arm.
I jerked my hand away,
looked dumbly at his laughter,
stunned at such betrayal.

and sometime later
I held the paw
of my pet dog
against the wire.
"it doesn't hurt," I said,
laughing,
laughing.

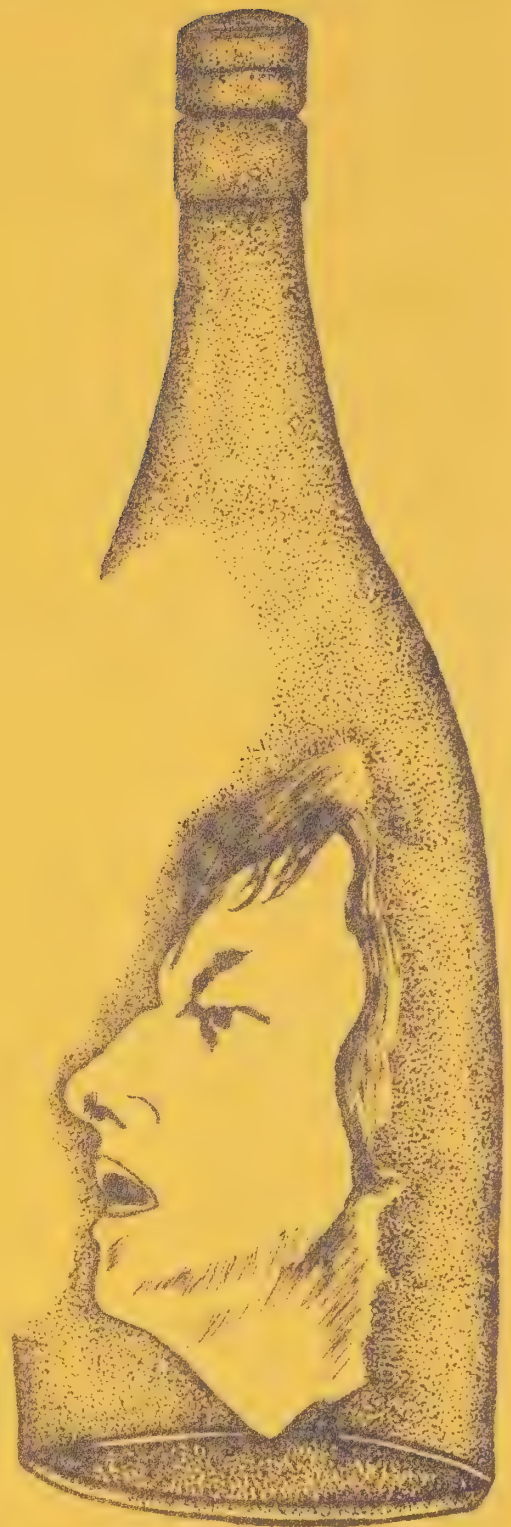
Footnotes

The dance is on and
burning for fuel is this
unrolling reality of hollow
screaming pigs.

Sing you speechless, terrified
spools of marrow,
sing, while I wander
among the staggering regions of
consciousness so cold,
that I must dance aloud
for warmth
with a lame foot, while lights leap
around within unseeing eyes.
(Heart screams from a winter swan
flying backwards to the beating, quiet
shards of my dusty dance.)
Sing you fuckers,
Sing while I tap out
my little shuffle across a quivering floor,
a writhing, gothic grey form
twisting my way into a humorous
rape with a canine smile smeared
across this frail helmet.
Panic!
I am forced to feel
without choice, those steps
that float me into strange accidents
whenever the night bursts open
into song.

Sing, I whimper as it leaves
Sing,
my strength is not gone.
Sing, for my shoe sheathed toes
I mutter for the fugue to continue, but the
bastard has left.
So I wait,
for the heart screams of a
winters swan fly backwards
to the beating, quiet shards
of my . . . glance.

© Peter Siwlec
Springhill



AT GUNPOINT

Pictou, N.S.

One winter day Alexander Christopher Martin, 30, pointed a gun.

He waved it around a hospital room.
He pointed it at a police officer.
He pointed it at an ambulance driver.

It was, as the crown prosecutor later summed up, "a very tense and dangerous situation."

Alexander Christopher Martin was terminally ill with cancer of the jaw.

He was crazed with pain. He made the men drive him a hundred miles to another hospital because the needles weren't working. There, police officers, disguised as doctors, took him into custody.

Testifying, his mother said he could come back with her. The accused said he was remorseful; his acts were born in utter confusion and pain. He said he wanted to live one day at a time with his family.

County Court Judge A.R. Lusby said it was a difficult case.

He said, "The offenses to which the accused has pleaded guilty are most serious and under normal conditions I would have no hesitancy in giving penitentiary time."

He noted that the usual elements of sentencing have to be considered but do not apply with the same intensity and that rehabilitation and reformation he need not take into consideration at all.

He said that "I certainly cannot consider suspended sentence and probation... the probation portion would be nothing at any rate," said the judge.

For, after all, Alexander Christopher Martin was terminally ill.

He sentenced him to three months each on two charges of kidnapping and one charge of pointing a firearm at a person, sentences to run concurrently.

Judge A.R. Lusby added that "the accused was to be given at all times the medical needs he would require and that when the time arose that he needed to be hospitalized then steps were to be taken to have this done."

Judge Lusby, you seem concerned that the public will think badly of you.

Do not be concerned.

We hope you die quietly in bed with all attendant comforts. We hope you will be given palliatives, and have the solace of your family.

And that, Judge Lusby, you never get cancer of the jaw.

© Fraser Sutherland
Scotsburn, N.S.
First published in
GERMINATION MAGAZINE

(Cont. from page 1)

The second occasion came when one of the guys I do my time with criticized me for not putting in more items complaining of the conditions here at Springhill. He said, "You're supposed to write about how lousy this joint is, instead of telling people how great Willie Gibbs (the ex-warden here, who I wrote an editorial about when he was leaving his post here) is." He was angry and anyone who disagreed with him at the moment was in trouble. Well, having been in trouble most of my life and having been angry for just about as long, we eventually discussed what was going on. We talked about why the COMMUNICATOR has in fact dealt with situations away from here more than it does with local phenomena, why there is seldom gut-level criticism directed at institutional departments here. And, I feel pretty certain he walked away knowing that my reasons for not getting into bad-mouthing at a local level has nothing to do with my lacking in jam or being short of the parts to put things where they belong. I am sure he walked away understanding what I am about to tell you, knowing that there are quite a few things which take place within the confines of the fence here that piss me off, bring the blood into my mouth, and which should be commented upon within the pages of the COMMUNICATOR but in recent times have not.

A few of the things which should be dealt with from issue to issue until something happens to change them, and which burn my butt when I see them going down, are: It is my opinion that the food served here by the kitchen staff is the worst I have experienced in any federal prison. The diet is as predictable as the local tides and contains only enough colour and flavour to permit you to kid yourself that it is actually food, containing nutrient value. While living in a country where gardens abound, where manpower for gardening is ample, and where the prison system claims it is keen on becoming self-sufficient, most of the vegetables we get come out of cans and from private commercial outlets. When they are served, they are just as apt to be doled out to you cold as they are heated. When salads do get served, you can bet that fifty times out of a hundred, there won't be either a serving device or bowls to carry it away in. The diet consists of mainly meat -- mostly pork. I get more meat on my plate here in one week than the average Canadian family serves in a week. Not only is it usually tasteless because of having been cooked days before it is actually served and then just warmed up the day it is being used, but more often than not it is served cold, covered with a luke-warm gravy and let go at that. Too many of the dishes are out of a package. We get what they call "Chinese food," which comes out of a can and has convinced me that if Chinese people eat like that, it is no wonder the Russians and them don't get along. We get hit with so-called "pizza" every couple of weeks which has to be seen to be believed -- it looks like somebody has already eaten it! The cardboard-like pastry is at least a half-inch thick and the pizza ingredients appear to have been brushed on with a paint brush. But, just when you think you've seen it all, just when you think you've reached the bottom of the pit and you-are-what-you-eat, they lay into you with canned "cabbage rolls" . . . if these things aren't enough to rehabilitate a 3,000 year old Egyptian mummy, I'll eat my hat. (No, no . . . don't say that, they'll get ideas!) What really leaves me sizzling almost every time I walk into the so-called dining room is the level of noise in the place . . . the mechanized dishwasher is rumbling away, adding to the din of about two hundred people trying to get their meals down in the twenty minutes our benefactors allow us, and is more often than not, stepped up by the cacophony coming over the two speakers placed up near the ceiling where even if what was being played on them wasn't the local news or some whiny slob crying about his juvenile heart-throb you wouldn't be able to hear them clearly anyway. If an industrial pollution inspector were to measure the decibel level of the noise in the dining hall during peak noise periods, I am sure he or she would declare the level higher than the legal limit. And, as if having to listen to the racket wasn't enough, at least three times a week, I have to wash the table I sit at before sitting down, and, sometimes, even when we are the first to use it for that particular mealtime. I don't really give much of a damn whose responsibility keeping the place clean is supposed to be; the fact is the place looks bad and smells bad.

Another place around this prison which needs commenting upon more than it gets is the S.I.S. There is no doubt in my mind about how tough a job working behind the counter over there is . . . I know about the crap that some guys lay on people serving other people in prisons; but, I also know that the people who give guys a hard time over there are not very discerning about who they come onto. You can walk in there with a legitimate beef and still be given a bad-mouthing . . . some of the beefs are "my pant legs are a foot shorter from the waist to the ankle than I am" or "my shirt is a 44 and I'm 22 and a size 38" or "the shoes you gave me fell apart in two months

and now you're telling me that I can only get one pair a year" or "I asked you for a spool of thread to repair my shirt with and now you're telling me that not only can I not have any thread but you people don't repair clothing unless I go and talk to my Range Officer first" (who I am getting to think is supposed to be my mother around here, what with the number of times I am expected to consult with him). Not only do many of us have to walk around the prison looking like Boat People (and ones without a paddle at that) but, if our people show up during working hours, we have to go out to the visiting room dressed in the same garbage. It's almost as if the authorities are proud of the fact that they've got us looking like refugees.

The hospital is one of the last places on this earth which deserves to miss criticism. There are staff who work in the hospital who are as friendly and caring as you're going to meet (I am not allowed to name them because of censorship rules) but there are also a number of people who work there who are better suited for work in an abattoir. Too many of them treat our guys like we are just animals to be processed. A snarl seems to be the major means of communication when you step into "their" territory and there is much which goes on there that needs straightening out. On the other side of the same token, there are guys around here who could sour the disposition of . . . (I almost said, 'a saint' but I can't use dirty words anymore) of almost anyone -- but, you know what, that is the real point. I know of three hospital staff (one who is now on Security) who are friendly and as helpful as any people you will find anywhere. Why is it that they still retain their good humour, while most of the others turn into sour-pusses always looking to make you feel bad?

It is my opinion that the shop instruction around this institution is less than what it should be if the authorities are serious about wanting to get people here on the road to earning a living from plying a legal trade. Most of the shops only give introductory training and then a person is sent back out into the prison population to work at something different from what they were supposedly trained for. There are programs like Electronic Data Processing which give a person a start in the computer field but, if I can believe what I have been told by guys working there, don't really give them enough to guarantee they'll find work in that field on the outside. Since the program started up at this institution about a year-and-a-half ago, guys working at government contracts for \$3.00 and their canteen a day, and being told what a gold mine electronic data processing is, only three, maybe four, guys have gone to work in that occupation on the outside. Another program which raises questions in my mind is the G.E.D. High School Equivalency project. I have no complaint about the fact that it exists (it is needed); but I do know that a lot of guys are walking away from the eight week preparatory training thinking they can actually do all of what the equivalency rating claims, when it should be perfectly obvious that high school equivalency is not the same as being able to readily handle high school work. Study habits and a proclivity for reading and seeking knowledge are more important than an equivalency rating -- an artifact most employers only consider an example of potential rather than a fact attesting to actual ability.

Okeh, these are just a sample of some of the things which I think need straightening out around this place, and some of the things which should be commented upon from issue to issue in our magazine. But, where I am coming from is that I am editor of the COMMUNICATOR, which means my responsibility is to choose materials I think should appear. Once having chosen them, it is my job to see that they get presented in as clear and concise a fashion as I can. My job is not to act as a champion for every gripe other people around here have. If you've got a beef you want aired, put it down on paper, it'll get used if it can pass the Publishing Board -- and if it doesn't, it won't be because the COMMUNICATOR staff say it shouldn't . . . it'll be because it doesn't fit the rules listed inside our front cover, or simply because the Publishing Board consider the issue too hot to allow into print. You might be interested to know that the Publishing Board (three staff people and one outside newspaper editor) have not stopped an article from appearing in the COMMUNICATOR during my tenure as editor -- although there have been a number of heated discussions as to why things should be allowed, and which eventually were. Now, on top of editing this magazine, I do quite a bit of writing for it. And, because I am the kind of person I am, with the kinds of interests and concerns I have, and the kind of experience I've got, and especially prison time in, I tend to see things from what I call a wider view -- not necessarily a better or worse one, just from a more macroscopic perspective -- than most of the guys I do my time with. Which translates into meaning that when I am thinking about how rotten things are, I don't think of the opinion I just expressed about the kitchen and dining hall,

nor do I think in terms of how mean-spirited some of the hospital staff come across as being from time to time, nor how miserable it makes me feel to have to dress looking like something off Skid Row . . . no, I think all the other things we put in the COMMUNICATOR, issue after issue, month after month, year after year. I think about the fact that guys I know are dying while rotting away in Special Handling Units across the country; that 137 shot-gun blasts ripped through the air in the Dorchester gymnasium a few months ago while the place was full of unarmed men and boys; that 426 million dollars is being spent this year to keep so many people locked behind bars who don't need to be there; that youngsters all across this country are being driven into behaviour unbecoming healthy human beings because they feel there is no other way they can express their feelings; and that young men and women, boys and girls, are made to feel they are what is wrong with society rather than the fact that organized crime is Big Business and politics which is not only allowed to flourish but gets rewarded by being handed the reins to the whole bloody country.

I believe I am doing my share to point out some of the truths which need to be understood if prisons and society are to become more humane. It is also a truth that where I am serving my time is by far the most liberal of the places I've done time. And, with that in mind, whenever I feel the urge to write about the everyday piss-offs which go into making this a prison, I pull back in embarrassment . . . I would feel absolutely ridiculous complaining about the fact that on the way to the dining hall, where I am going to sit down to eat food I consider the worst I've had to eat in any federal prison I've been in, there will be twenty-five guys go running by me on the way to the same meal, practically running me over. I feel ridiculous whenever I feel the urge to complain about the fact that I've been given a hard time by being skin-searched when going out on an Escorted Temporary Leave when I know guys who haven't been outside their maximum-security prison cells in years, without having being cuffed into a restraining jacket.

What the bottom line is is if you have complaints (or anything) that should be voiced, whether you be staff or prisoner, what's wrong with your writing arm? What's holding you back? I call it the way I see it . . . maybe not as nasty as I sometimes would like to get, but I get some of the things said which need saying. Whether you like or dislike what the COMMUNICATOR publishes, you should write down your

feelings and fire them into us. We get tired of only hearing from outside people -- like, 20 letters a week on an average, almost all of whom thank us for helping them keep informed on prisons and what it feels like to be in one. 2



SPORTSECTION

AL BALTZER



H, SPORTS, SPORTS, SPORTS . . . HOW WE THRIVE ON THEE.

Well, if that's true, then, where the heck are they? Yes, people, it's the dry season. Ball is kaput and hockey is tentative. In other words, there's not a hellava lot going on right now, in an organized sense anyways. But, that doesn't perturb us too much, we've still got action on the go. The weight pit is packed every night, and when the first six guys are done the next six move in. It's a funny way to work-out, though when you gotta leave the weights outside in order to make room for the lifters. We've also got some pick-up volleyball going. Now, this is good . . . there's no rough stuff so the over 30 gang can get in on it, but it still hurts, especially when the kids kick your ass 15-0 and you figure your an old pro.

The 5BX experiment is on again. For those of you who don't understand this program, I'll explain. This is where you take 40 guys, put them on the floor, do exercizes, and send them away till next time. The catch is that, next time, only 20 come back. It's a great program and can do wonders for your physical health, but never quite helps anyone quite as much as it helps our faithful instructor, Boots. I'll never know why but for most people exercise and arsenic are synonymous.

Besides these things, we've got badminton and pick-up basketball going. Looks like fun, but unfortunately, yours truly doesn't know either of these games, so I cannot elaborate on them. I can say that our chances for getting a basketball league going look good for this year, and I really hope it gets going.

That's it for Dull Daze.

HOCKEY PREVIEW

Wow, does it ever look bad.... Why you say? Because from what I've seen this year, ball hockey looks like a two team league. NUMBER NINE has been scooping guys up left and right. KELLY LEGUE, TIM NELLIGAN, JIMMY Mac DONALD and HEDLEY AVERY have joined the ranks and their chances look good. In NUMBER ELEVEN not much has been lost and maybe something has been gained. Essentially, they'll go with the same line-up they had last year and may be adding a couple of superstars from their 78/79 team in the likes of ART NELLIGAN and BRIAN SOCK. So look for a stacked deck in NUMBER ELEVEN.

As for NUMBER EIGHT and NUMBER TEN, just pray. NUMBER EIGHT looks terrible on paper, but we'll just have to wait and see. The defection of HARVEY LUNN and AL BALTZER to NUMBER TEN didn't help, but even these guys in NUMBER TEN may not be enough to help the Theraputes. (KENNY THORNE, where are you?)

So, where will everyone finish? My prediction is NUMBER ELEVEN will cop first place, NINE will end up in second, TEN will be in third place and EIGHT will finish up in the fourth place cellar. Of course, it's early in the year and maybe by February things will look different.

So, who should be the big guns this year? From NUMBER ELEVEN, that'll be DAVIE WHITE who, unless the gym sinks into a coal mine, should walk away with the scoring title again this year. From NUMBER TEN watch HARVEY LUNN and a yet untested MIKE LEAVER who saw little action last year. In NUMBER NINE watch TIM NELLIGAN and all three of the guys mentioned earlier. As for NUMBER EIGHT, well, my heart bleeds for all my old buddies; but, it really looks bad. Gee, I almost forgot. DON'T COUNT PORKEY OUT! He shook up a few people last year and he won't get worse, only better....

Records, Tapes
and Hobby Supplies

BUS. 667-2065

LEISURE LOFT LIMITED
81 VICTORIA STREET
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA

3 RD ANNUAL TOURNY

by bob eby

DING . . . DING . . . DING . . . THE FIRST BOUT OF THE AFTERNOON, IN THIS THIRD ANNUAL SPRINGHILL AMATEUR BOXING CARD, BETWEEN, IN THE RED CORNER AT 60 POUNDS OF FIGHTING ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD, PATTY DOUCETTE OF THE DOWNSVIEW A.B.C. AND, IN THE BLUE CORNER, AT 60 POUNDS AND ELEVEN-YEARS-OF-AGE, FROM THE CITADEL A.B.C. IN HALIFAX, SHAKA JONES . . .

Both boys came out of their corners, looking for a fight. SHAKA JONES reminded me of a thousand-year younger Mohammad Ali, with his long, brown limbs and fluidity of movement. He was pretty to watch. His opponent, PATTY DOUCETTE was no-one to trifle with either. Patty was the aggressor in this first bout, chasing Shaka around the ring, working hard at getting inside his taller opponent's reach. Once SHAKA JONES learns to stand a little more solid on his feet, throwing a companion right to what is already a really fine left hand for an eleven-year-old, he is going to be somebody to contend with in amateur boxing. He won a unanimous decision over his worthy opponent. The crowd loved them, cheering for both boys, taking them on as their own.

DING! Bout number two brought MALCOLM NEALE at 70 pounds and PATTY JONES from the CITADEL A.B.C. (probably kin to SHAKA JONES) at 75 pounds together in the center of the ring. PATTY JONES fought with poise and confidence that belied his 12 years of youth. There is no doubt this youngster will go on to become a top class amateur fighter in years to come; however, he was up against a really game little fighter in MALCOLM NEALE. The third round finished with both boys standing toe-to-toe in the center of the ring, with MALCOLM NEALE winning a deserved unanimous decision.

DING! The third bout of the afternoon brought two eleven-year-olds together. RALPH WISWELL at 70 pounds from the DOWNSVIEW A.B.C. and GLEN CAMPBELL of the DIAMOND A.B.C. in Halifax carried a very aggressive fight to each other. They stood toe-to-toe more times than was safe, and both boys had to take a lot of punishment just to hang in there. GLEN CAMPBELL shows promise of becoming a fine boxer, and his unanimous decision over the very game, if new-to-the-sport, RALPH WISWELL, was a good call by the judges.

This latest bout, the third in an afternoon of excellent competition between kids working really hard to please their audience, brought up a point that many of the people in the audience either didn't understand or were too ignorant to care about. The situation I am speaking of is the necessity of having a referee in amateur boxing stopping a fight to caution one of the fighters about having his head down when moving in on his opponent. Amateur boxing's first priority is, and properly so, the protection of its young charges. The boys fight according to CANADIAN AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATION rules, which means they fight in the classic Olympic fashion, which further means they have to remain in an upright stance. This is meant to cut down on the amount of butting (accidental or otherwise) that goes on and to encourage the boys to exchange blows, rather than a lot of the wrestling and "dancing" one sees in so-called professional bouts nowadays. The referees took flak from some of our guys which was uncalled for, and it is this kind of stupidity that could cause us to lose these kinds of events. No-one wants to be called names for doing the best he can, and especially when their best is better than what the few ignoramuses in our audience could do about anything.

DING! BOBBY JOLLYMORE from the DOWNSVIEW A.B.C. at 80 pounds attacked DONNIE ROGERS of CHERBUCTO HEIGHTS right from the opening bell. He got lots of return blows from Donny but not enough to overcome the fine left hand of BOBBY JOLLYMORE. Both boys fought hard and well, with BOBBY JOLLYMORE winning a split decision.



DING! The 5th bout of the afternoon brought DOWNSVIEW A.B.C.'s ANDY WISWELL at 80 pounds, into the ring with 85 pound GORDIE CAAN of YARMOUTH. ANDY WISWELL is one of the boys who fought here last year. He's ten pounds heavier and somewhat more experienced than he was back then. However, GORDIE CAAN was nobody to mess with . . . his long-reaching right hand got through to WISWELL, the crowd's favorite, more times than he liked. A fault young ANDY WISWELL has that many young fighters have is that he sometimes closes his eyes when the going gets a little rough, making it easy for his opponent to hit him, and impossible for him to counter-punch. This is a habit he'll change very soon though, as he's handled by the guys at the DOWNSVIEW A.B.C., one of the best clubs in the Maritimes. BOBBY MARTIN of DOWNSVIEW A.B.C. told me that since he'd been here last year, his club has managed to earn enough money to get itself out of debt. They were \$15,000 down last year but are now clear and on their own. He told me that his club is typical of those in the region, that he and clubs like his have to put on bingo nights and boxing cards in order to survive and provide proper equipment for their young charges.

ANDY WISWELL beat the colourful GORDIE CAAN of Yarmouth by a split decision. It was a crowd-pleasing fight and the boys got a good hand.

DING! One-hundred pound GLEN ROBAN of the CITADEL A.B.C. in Halifax charged across the ring after his 105 pound opponent. TERRY WARD, a south-paw, wasn't about to back off, though. Both boys threw everything they had, with TERRY WARD getting more in than he took. He earned a unanimous decision for his efforts.



DING! The sixth fight of the afternoon was probably the most aggressively fought one. The two 17-year-olds, although neither having had much experience in the past, came out looking for a fight. South-paw, RON GALLANT of MONCTON A.B.C. pitted his strength against GLEN O'NEIL of the newly-formed DIGBY A.B.C. It was GLEN O'NEIL's first fight and he surely tried hard. The only trouble was with the fact that RON GALLANT was trying harder and was more efficient about scoring his points. Both boys fought hard but the judges' call of a unanimous decision for RON GALLANT was a good call.

DING! At 16 years of age, with muscles like a full-grown man, 139 pound CHUCK HATFIELD came charging across the ring to demolish RON AMON of DIGBY'S A.B.C. in 16 seconds of the first round. HATFIELD left no room for doubt as to his intentions. The referee stopped the fight before the heavier but less aggressive boy was caused injury. A good call all around.

DING! In what I thought was the best fight of the afternoon, KENNY BANKS at 132 pounds met up with ROGER DARRINGTON of BOB EDGETT'S A.B.C. in New Brunswick. Each boy had had two fights before this one, but ROGER DARRINGTON had the edge when it came to the combinations of punches he could throw. Both fighters fought hard, throwing everything they had and it looked like KENNY BANKS had a good chance of coming up with at least a draw, maybe a win. However, he ran into trouble with a headgear that kept slipping down over his eyes in the third round, causing him to bring his hands up to rearrange the gear. ROGER DARRINGTON, in there to win, took advantage of BANKS' attention being taken off the most important job at hand, and he got in a number of good punches, scoring heavily. The fight got stopped by the referee before any damage could be done to BANKS, but not because KENNY BANKS was ready to quit. I would like to see a re-match between these two boys, and from the sound of the crowd's cheering, so would they.

DING! Bout number ten began in a flurry of punches from both boys, boys who have had about 25 bouts apiece. MIKE JEWERS at 85 pounds from DARTMOUTH met up with south-paw, RAYMOND DOWNEY from the CITADEL A.B.C. RAYMOND DOWNEY was the more aggressive, charging MIKE JEWERS, and throwing everything he had. MIKE JEWERS seemed to have an edge in counter-punching though, but DOWNEY simply threw too much and JEWERS not enough. The judges awarded RAYMOND DOWNEY a split decision over the game MIKE JEWERS.

B00000000 . . . B000000000000!!! Came from a few cretins in the audience, when some of the boys were fighting as best they could . . . boys of ten

and eleven years of age being booed by so-called grown men....

Bout number eleven turned out to be a one-sided rout by a youngster with much more experience than his southpaw opponent. KEVIN PHINNEY had had 20 fights to SHAWN EAGLES' 2, and he knows what to do when you come up against a south-paw . . . right hand leads, go for the overhand right, followed up with left hooks to his body, forever moving to his right, keeping away from his south-paw power. KEVIN PHINNEY knew it all, and used it all to win himself a T.K.O. over the very game, although inexperienced SHAWN EAGLES. The T.K.O. came within seconds of the end of the third round, which is a tribute to the courage of young EAGLES, because KEVIN PHINNEY was not easing up at any time during the fight.

DING! At 75 pounds, 12 year-old RAYMOND WISWELL returned again this year to fight for the DOWNSVIEW A.B.C. RAYMOND WISWELL is the kind of fighter we spoke of last year as being one of the very best in this part of the country. He's so good, he has trouble getting fights. In order to get a fight for him for this card, they had to match him up with 15 year-old FRAN MALAIS from MONCTON. A lot of people thought this was the best fight of the afternoon. Both boys have had about 30 fights and they threw every kind of punch there is. Neither gave an inch to his opponent and it was a television fight all the way. FRAN MALAIS got a split decision over RAYMOND WISWELL, but you can be sure you'll be hearing a lot about RAYMOND WISWELL in years to come.

In a really hard-fought 13th bout of the afternoon, 100 pound RICKY JOHNSON of DARTMOUTH A.B.C. met up with 106 pound GORDIE CAMPBELL, a rematch from not more than a month ago, when CAMPBELL won a split-decision over his hard-fighting opponent. This fight was more-or-less a repeat performance with both boys getting their licks in, and CAMPBELL earning a bloody nose and a split-decision over RICKY JOHNSON.

DING! DING! DING! THE FINAL FIGHT OF THE AFTERNOON, IN THE RED CORNER, FROM THE BOB EDGETT A.B.C. IN NEW BRUNSWICK, AT 132 POUNDS, DANNY WINTERS. IN THE BLUE CORNER, FROM BUCTOUCHE, NEW BRUNSWICK, AT 139 POUNDS, JEAN MARIE ALLAIN.

For a fourteenth bout of the day, these two boys, 17 and 18 years of age, met in the center of the ring and got into throwing leather right from the bell. JEAN MARIE ALLAIN, although not as experienced or as proficient at all the combinations a good fighter has to know, fought hard and gamely. He kept bringing the fight to DANNY WINTERS, but anyone watching with a learned eye could see that sooner or later, WINTERS was going to get to his man. DANNY WINTERS hooks-off-a-jab, his left jab fires like its computer-controlled, and he knows what to do when he gets in trouble . . . the kind of trouble fighters like the ever-charging and very strong punching JEAN MARIE ALLAIN put their opponents in. The second round of the fight saw WINTERS having to take an eight count when it looked like he might have hurt himself when he slipped while being attacked by JEAN MARIE ALLAIN. WINTERS was just too smart for the inexperienced ALLAIN; he wouldn't let the harder punching ALLAIN get inside where he could do real damage. WINTERS' smarts won him a unanimous decision over JEAN MARIE ALLAIN, but he had to work hard to get it. It took courage to stay in with ALLAIN and I would like to see a re-match between these two boys.

I asked one of the RECREATION STAFF here if they would consider bringing in two fight cards like this each year. His answer was, "Bob, if we can help support amateur boxing in the province and it gives the guys here something to enjoy, of course we will look at doing it more often." And it was on that note that I left the gym, after having enjoyed a fine afternoon of boxing, put on by a good bunch of people. The boys and their handlers got a big round of applause from our guys, and dozens of guys hung back to shake hands with the youngsters who had fought so courageously and displayed such good sportsmanship.

I am sure I speak for most of the guys here when I say that we are grateful to those who made this fight card possible. There is a lot of work that goes into organizing this kind of event; beginning with the originating source of the idea, down through the people who made all the phone calls and contacts to tie things together, to the Recreation Staff here who had to organize all the various agencies and clubs into a group capable of being handled, and including the various departments here like Security who quite often get forgotten about when it comes time to thank folks for helping out. Everyone connected with the event is thanked, whether they were mentioned or not only means I don't have the names to deal with and that there are always people around who help who don't get recognized for lack of space.

We enjoyed the day . . . thank you. §

CLASSIFIED SECTION :\$:

CLASSIFIED ADS cost \$2.00 for the first 10 words, and 10 cents for each additional word. Prisoners and people giving something away to others will be run FREE for 3 issues.

LEON BAKER, Poet, wishes to correspond. Write him LEON BAKER 135903, P.O. Box E, JACKSON, MI 49204

I have lost contact with the outside world and am very lonely. I am 23 years old and easy to get along with and will answer all who write. TOM DAUKSZA, Box 1000, OXFORD, Wisconsin 53952

ANYONE WHO HAS A JOB TO OFFER A PRISONER once he is released can have this space FREE for an ad.

MAGAZINE & NEWSLETTER SAMPLES... only 50¢ each. Over 145 publications, covering a wide range of interests, to choose from. For a FREE DESCRIPTIVE LIST send a stamped addressed envelope to Publishers Exchange, P.O.Box 1368, Dept. 236A, PLAINFIELD, NJ 07061

PRISONER WANTS SOMEONE TO CORRESPOND WITH: Write COLLIN FEARN, Jr., # 74B395, Attica Prison, ATTICA, New York 14011

CORALLINE ORNAMENTS is a beautifully hand-done book of poems expressing the experiences and feelings of a woman doing a life sentence in prison. The poems elicit feelings in the reader that only a highly polished poet can. DIANE HAMILL METZGER'S poems are wonderfully gentle, brimming with love and longing for her husband and child, but others will draw your anger at a state that continues to treat people as less than humans. Send \$2.50 (American) to WEED PATCH PRESS, Box 1869, SEDONA, AZ 86336

JAMES L. WILSON, the poet who wrote "THE SOUL SPEAKS" would like to correspond with someone Canadian. Write him: JAMES L. WILSON 76A3241 Box 149, ATTICA, NY 14011

THE NORTH AMERICAN ANARCHIST is an excellent way to keep up with what is going on in the world of direct-action politics. It is free to prisoners upon request and costs only \$5.00 for one year (six issues) to Freeman. P.O. Box 2, Station O, TORONTO, Ontario M4B 2B0

"WRITING FROM THE PRISONS" is a collection of short stories and poems relating the prison experiences of American prisoners. It is a steal at \$2.75 (American) from INDIANA WRITES, 110 Morgan Hall, Indiana University, BLOOMINGTON, Indiana 47401

BASIL BRITTON Pen Club, Box 12408, SAN DIEGO, CA 92112 FREE LISTING

NATURAL LIFE MAGAZINE is the very best of the Canadian magazines that bring you articles on everything good for you, from nutrition thru solar greenhouse topics to items on ecology. If it has anything to do with getting your act together, enabling you to live better naturally, it will eventually make its way into NATURAL LIFE MAGAZINE, Box 640, JARVIS, Ontario NOA IJO \$8 a year.

AGAINST THE WALL: A magazine of self-liberation and voluntary alternatives. Sample copy free to prisoners. We also publish a "Pen Pals" column for those on the inside wishing to hear from those on the outside. Get your name and address listed free if you are in prison. AGAINST THE WALL, P.O. Box 444, WESTFIELD' N.J. 07091

PERIODICALS-BY-MAIL is a project designed to give wider accessibility to worthwhile periodicals not distributed through many newsstands. For a list of over 70 alternative & small press periodicals which can be ordered by mail, send your name, address, and 25¢ to: PERIODICALS-BY-MAIL, A PERIODICAL RETREAT, P.O. Box 1246, ANNE ARBOR, MI. 48106

OPEN ROAD is a leftist newsjournal that will keep you informed on events pertaining to the anti-nuke movement, trade unions, direct action campaigns and other anti-authoritarian happenings. They also do some of the best writing on prisons and the Moratorium Movement available. A donation will get you on their mailing list. Send a couple of bucks and try them out... It'll be the best two buck investment you've ever made. It's free to prisoners. THE OPEN ROAD, Box 6135 Station G. VANCOUVER, B.C.

SHORTCUTS TO SURVIVAL: A Practical Fundraising Manual is the best \$5.00 bill you'll ever spend. It is an indispensable tool for the person trying to raise money for group projects. JOYCE YOUNG gives straightforward, practical information on fundraising. Send \$5.00 to SHORTCUTS, 509 Brunswick Avenue, TORONTO, Ontario M5R 2Z6

NEW ROOTS makes for fine reading. Coming out of the American northeast, NEW ROOTS is a down-to-earth tapestry of articles about what is going on in the fields of energy, heating, gardening, greenhouses, health and just about everything else that relates to improving one's lifestyle. Send \$11.00 (American) for one year (6 issues) to NEW ROOTS Magazine, Box 548, GREENFIELD, MA 01301

THE \$50 & UP UNDERGROUND HOUSE BOOK is exactly what it says it is... and more. MIKE OEHLER is a renegade dedicated to running his own life and doing things his way. He passes a wealth of information and down-to-earth facts on how to beat the high cost of home construction. At \$7.00 (American) this book is one of the best buys you'll ever make. Send your bucks to: MOLE PUBLISHING CO., RT. 1 Box 618, BONNER'S FERRY, IDAHO 83805

JEFF ZABLE, San Francisco poet and jazz musician, has written a second book of marvelous poems. Many of them have appeared in the COMMUNICATOR and we want you to have the chance to get more of his work. THE DEAD DIE YOUNG is available for \$1.50 (American) from Androgyne Books, 930 Shields, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94132

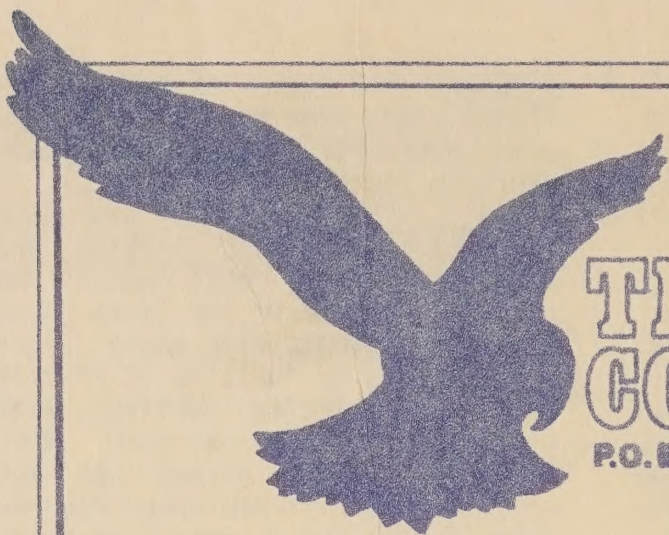
SINGING - 102 pages of some of the finest short stories, articles and poems ever published by women prisoners in Canada. BERNICE LEVER of WAVES LITERARY JOURNAL fame took five years to publish SINGING and they were years well spent. The quality of some of the items is of the very highest, with every piece contributing to "telling it like it is, yet celebrating survival with dignity." It costs a very very reasonable \$5.95 or you can get a 40% discount if you order for resale, buying ten copies or more. SINGING can be had through ordering from HIGHWAY BOOK SHOP, Cobalt, Ont. POJ 1C0 or from WAVES, Ontario College of Art, 100 McCaul Street, TORONTO, Ontario M5T 1W1

Our friend, JOSEPH BRUCHAC, the man who was responsible for THE AMERICAN MICROCOSM -- the best collection of prison stories and poems written by prisoners ever put out -- has done it again. THERE ARE NO TREES INSIDE THE PRISON is a collection of his own poems, written while he was conducting a writing workshop in an American prison. It is by far the finest collection of poems about the prison experience ever done. Send \$2.50 (American) to Blackberry Press, Box 186, BRUNSWICK, Maine 05011

Need a CARTOONIST for art work for 1 cartoon per week. Your drawings, my words. Will split money -- not much pay but could lead to more later. Have job offer from a local newspaper in Bellevue, Washington. Write Mrs. Helen Newlin for more details. 10816 S.E. 25th Place, BELLEVUE, Wa 98004

THE LAST WORD is what you get when you publish an article, short story or poem in the COMMUNICATOR. You also get a shot at running with some pretty decent company: people like Ombudsman, GARY LIVINGSTON; like poets, JEFFREY ZABLE and TIM ENGLAND; like any one of dozens of others over the years. If you have something on your mind that you think should be said, say it now. Make this your coming-out, leave the closet behind, send your article, short story or poems to us. We reach people across the United States and Canada... you can too.





THE COMMUNICATOR

P.O. BOX 2140, SPRINGHILL, NOVA SCOTIA ||

BOM 1X0

John F Robarts Res. Lib. 4/80
Room 8001
130 St. George Street
Toronto ON
M5S 1A5

Springhill Prisoners are entitled
to a free copy upon request.

Mailed outside, One year (6 Issues)

\$6.00

Mailed to other prisoners: \$4.00

Delivery in Institution to Staff:

\$5.00

SECOND CLASS MAIL
REGISTRATION No. 3704

POSTAGE PAID AT SPRINGHILL, N.S., CANADA

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED